

Sports Illustrated



JUNE 4, 1979

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A LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

In 56 years only two men have served Time Inc. as editor-in-chief. The first, Henry R. Luce, founded this company. His successor, Hedley Donovan, gave it a second generation of editorial growth. On June 1 he retires from the company.

Donovan came to Time Inc. with a magna cum laude degree from the University of Minnesota, plus an Oxford degree acquired as a Rhodes scholar. He put in five years as a newspaperman in Washington, then most of World War II in the U.S. Navy. A 1945 personnel memo details these and other qualifications, going on to note that "young Donovan is a handsome gentleman of 31, with blue eyes, a level gaze, a deep voice and a serious manner enlivened by a quick smile." None of that description needs to be changed today except, inevitably and unbelievably, 31 has become 65.

Beginning as a writer on FORTUNE in December 1945, Donovan moved up to managing editor less than eight years later. In 1959 he was appointed editorial director of Time Inc. and its editor-in-chief in 1964.

Since then his guidance and governance have been reflected in each of our magazines and in Time-Life Books and The Washington Star as well. He helped transform Time Inc. from the largely personal domain of its brilliant founder into a publicly held, diverse company while preserving, we feel, its essential spirit and broadening its range. With great strength of character and a formidable intellect, he guided our publications through the bitterly divisive years of Vietnam and Watergate, reaffirming or changing editorial policy.

It was under his leadership that Time Inc., in a remarkable six-year burst of creative activity, gave birth to two new magazines, MONEY and PEOPLE, rebirth to LIFE and turned FORTUNE from a monthly into a fortnightly.



HEDLEY DONOVAN



HENRY GRUNWALD



RALPH GRAVES

Time Inc. has a long tradition of separating editorial responsibilities and business management. The editor-in-chief reports not to the chairman or president of this company but to the board of directors, which can exercise no immediate editorial supervision. Hedley Donovan's immense authority—sometimes delegated, never diluted—has kept that tradition inviolate. But while it was unthinkable to poach on his editorial territory, his own profound judgment in non-editorial matters was often called upon.

Succeeding Hedley Donovan as Time Inc.'s editor-in-chief will be Henry Grunwald, Viennese-born and Tost-nurtured. Grunwald began working for The Weekly Newsmagazine as a copy boy, while still an undergraduate at New York University, in 1944. The following year he became a writer, advanced to senior editor—the youngest ever—at age 28, and to managing editor in 1968. After a nine-year tenure, during which the magazine changed considerably, he was appointed one of two corporate editors.

The other corporate editor was Ralph Graves, who now becomes Time Inc.'s editorial director—an effect, deputy to Grunwald. Graves, who joined us immediately after graduating from Harvard in 1948, was managing editor of LIFE between 1969 and 1972, and held other important editorial as well as publishing positions.

The legacy of the Donovan years is a rich one, most obviously in staff and resources, most importantly in thoughtfulness, courage and excellence. I am confident that Grunwald will not only safeguard that legacy, but with the help of Graves and unmatched editorial talent on this and every other Time Inc. magazine, will further enhance it.

Andrew Heskell

Andrew Heskell
Chairman of the Board
Time Inc.

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STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND. Big John Tate, former U.S. Olympian, and Katie Knoetze, former South African cop, clash in a WBA heavyweight bout in the remote—and unrecognized—homeland of Bophuthatwana. Pat Putnam reports

THE MISSOURI KID. The Marco Polo of moosedom, left his home range in northern Minnesota two years ago and moseyed down into Iowa and Missouri, puzzling zoologists while entertaining the citizenry. Bill Gilbert tracks a moose on the loose

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN HARTLEY

THREE HOPEFULS REACHED FOR THE STARS BUT FAILED TO MAKE THE CUT

Pat Jordan's *Chase the Giant* (Dodd, Mead, \$8.95) is a splendid book that is a good deal more than at first it seems to be. It is the true story of three young men from tough neighborhoods in Bridgeport, Conn., who grew up playing basketball and "chased the game" well into adulthood. But it is also a story of growing up and growing apart, of some extraordinarily complex black-white relationships, and of how painfully hard it is for even the most talented to reach the top and then to stay there.

The young men are Frank Oleynick and Barry McLeod, who are white, and Walter Luckett, who is black. They grew up in Bridgeport as friends and, on the basketball court, rivals. All three were good at the game, but Luckett was positively brilliant: when he entered Ohio University in the fall of 1972 he was featured on the cover of this magazine, and of the three friends he seemed most certain of collegiate stardom and a rich professional career.

It didn't work out that way. For many reasons, all of which Jordan explores patiently and sensitively, Luckett never came close to what was expected of him. Oleynick and McLeod did better; both were self-made players who had learned to play a tough, resourceful "black" game in Bridgeport's streets and school yards, and both excelled in college—Oleynick at Seattle, McLeod at Centenary. But though Oleynick managed to hang on with the Seattle SuperSonics for a couple of seasons, in the end neither had better luck in the pros than Luckett.

It sounds like the same old story—high-school stars get their comeuppance in the big leagues—but Jordan makes the most of it. Himself a failed professional baseball player, he has an unsentimental appreciation of players on the periphery of their games, players who aren't quite talented enough or disciplined enough or determined enough to crash the circle of the elite. Each of these players failed to make the cut for different reasons, and Jordan looks into the causes with dispassionate sympathy.

In the process he has a lot to say about a number of matters, all interesting. That's especially true of his description of how the players effectively "switched" races, Oleynick and McLeod becoming more "black" than white and Luckett more "white" than black. The author does have a tendency to indulge in amateur psychology, but that is a small complaint about a very good book. **END**

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COCKTAILS FOR TWO

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Footloose

by KATHY BLUMENSTOCK

WANT TO GET INTO HARNESS RACING? ONE WAY IS TO ENROLL AT OHIO'S ATI

Situated just off Route 250 in Wooster, Ohio is a narrow, brick-and-glass structure with hay bales protruding from behind. Except for the hay, the place looks like the offices of a computer company. It isn't. It's a school where, on one recent morning, Greg Sautter sat in his classroom listening to seniors present oral reports. Students slumped at their desks, booted feet stretched into the aisles. A faint yet persistent odor wafted through the room.

"Dudley's learning to relax coming off the truck," drones one student. "He doesn't have much pace, though."

Sautter interrupted. "Well, remember the Meivins' Woe filly last year."

Horses. That's the permeating smell as well as the all-encompassing subject matter. The class is part of the Horse Production and Management Department of Ohio State's Agricultural Technical Institute. ATI has no campus to speak of, just the lone classroom building and—down the road at the Wayne County Fairgrounds—half a dozen barns full of animals. The nine-year-old college offers an associate's degree in soil management and livestock studies. The horse department is ATI's biggest drawing card and, though an equitation program is available, it is the harness-racing classes that lure hopefuls from states as far away as California.

Under the direction of Sautter and five other teachers, the two-year, junior-college program includes required courses in math, English and chemistry besides providing a combination kindergarten-prep-school apprenticeship for hopeful trainers. Students, some of whom have never seen a horse before, learn equine anatomy, nutrition and shoeing as well as basic stall mucking. "We teach the study of the total horse," says Sautter.

Anyone interested in earning a living in the horse-racing business must first learn the rudiments somewhere, and without a program like ATI's, aspiring horsemen can only hunt for the lowest stall-sweeping work and hope for that big break. In the racing world that usually happens with glacial speed, ATI doesn't guarantee any student a career as a trainer, but, says Sautter, "We offer him a way to begin a little higher and progress a lot faster." ATI grads have done just that, landing beginning trainer and driver positions in stables belonging to Billy Haughton, Stanley Dancer and a score of other respected horsemen.

To prepare for those jobs, students first must learn the basic work done in any racing stable. At ATI, 28 standardbreds and twice

as many undergraduates begin their day at seven. Students pack out hooves, soap leather, rub sore legs. They learn to jog the horses around a half-mile track and to keep meticulous charts of each animal's daily condition, medication and training routine. Though Sautter is around to offer advice, student barn managers are assigned to maintain order and supervise a work schedule that goes on until the evening's last feeding.

Such arduous days are a new way of life for most ATI scholars. In fact, exhaustion contributes heavily to the program's 40% drop-out rate during the freshman year. "It's easy for someone to say he loves horses if he's never had to feed them on weekends or take care of a sick one on Christmas," Sautter says. "This is the place to find out if he can handle it."

Students who remain in ATI's harness program soon learn to build their days around horses. If their charge is racing out of town, understanding profs often excuse them from a math or chemistry class. Skipping school to see a horse race may sound like cutting classes to go fishing, but at ATI it's part of the exploration of the total horse.

Not that the school makes going to the races all that easy. For one thing, the ATI horses are rather nondescript creatures. "We tell these kids anyone can win with a good horse," says Sautter, "but if you can make something of a poorer one, you're a real horseman." All standardbreds in the barn belong to outside owners who opted to have their student-trained rather than shelling out to an established professional. Though it's a risk, the growing faith in ATI's program is shown by the steadily increasing number of horses under the school's care.

There is, however, some resentment toward the "horse classrooms" by some oldtimers in the harness-racing industry, men who came up the hard way, learning to race with their father's buggy and farm horses. "They'll tell you, 'Schooling is O.K., but our way is better,'" Sautter says. "Well, there's a response to that: How many buggies and farm horses are available today? What about city kids who've never been near a horse? Go ask some trainer how many people he'd hire who have never put a harness on a horse before."

Despite this pocket of resistance, ATI's reputation and status are growing. At nearby Sycamore Downs, students claim mere mention of the school can lock up a job in minutes. And Sautter is confident that his program's graduates will continue to command attention and respect. "People recognize only results," he says. "That's why we race our horses. If all we do is talk, why should anybody believe us?" This way, they see for themselves what we can do.

Additional information on ATI's harness-racing program is available from Greg Sautter, Agricultural Technical Institute, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by RON REID

PRICE TAG

Two years ago, when Los Angeles was bidding for the 1984 Olympics, Mayor Tom Bradley estimated the Games would cost \$33.5 million. It now appears they will cost four times that much, or even more if some non-Olympic construction is approved.

Last week Bradley asked the Los Angeles City Council for permission to seek a federal appropriation of \$141.2 million for capital construction and stadium facility improvements for the Games. City Administrative Officer Dr. C. Erwin Piper recommended that an additional \$43.1 million be added to the request for construction of underground parking structures for 5,000 cars near the Memorial Coliseum. Bradley objected to this supplementary funding. "If any such proposal ever came to me," he told the *Los Angeles Times*, "I would veto it."

The major items in Bradley's request include \$25 million to refurbish the Coliseum; \$1.58 million to expand and revamp the Memorial Sports Arena; \$19.4 million for an Olympic-size pool; \$22.4 million for a velodrome; and \$20 million for shooting and yachting facilities. These costs include an inflation factor of 33% as well as 20% for contingencies.

In his defense, Bradley says that the original estimate of \$33.5 million was not his. He contends the figure was arrived at by the Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games, the original group involved in bidding with the IOC.

Moreover, the \$141.2 million, in the opinion of Peter V. Ueberroth, the president of the organizing committee, represents only an anticipated 25% of the ultimate cost for the '84 Games.

Briefing congressional and federal administrative officials on the L.A. request, Ueberroth said in Washington last week that realistic Olympic budget estimates had yet to be made. He did estimate, however, that to meet a 42-month construction schedule for the various facilities, Congress would have to O.K. the funds by Oct. 1, 1979. It remains to be seen if

that much money will be appropriated that soon. Early conjecture says it is doubtful. In any case, under the terms of the agreement reached last summer by the USOC and the L.A. organizing committee, the City of Los Angeles is still not responsible for any losses incurred by the 1984 Olympics.

SOUND IDEA

Sports technology, which already has developed the fiber-glass pole, the aluminum bat and the graphite shaft, now has come up with the electric tennis racket, which is designed to improve one's game through beeping.

The brainchild of inventor Skip Conrey, the racket has a lightweight battery-powered device in the handle, which creates a beeping sound when the ball hits the center of the racket.

The idea came to Conrey, a weekend player from Fort Lauderdale, after taking tennis lessons four years ago from Don Candy, who coaches Pam Shriver.

"The objective in tennis is to keep your eye on the ball and hit it in the center of the strings," Conrey says. "But the hardest thing to teach is to watch the ball hit the strings. Candy said I wasn't seeing the ball. He said, 'When you do, you'll hear a sound.' I said, 'What sound?' He said, 'The ping of a solid hit.' So I thought, 'Why not hear a sound like a beep every time?'"

Shortly after the lesson, a friend and partner, Phil McQuaid, gave Conrey a book called *How to Invent and Get Rich*. A week later he dreamed up the electric racket, which has been patented but is not yet on the market.

When it is, the beeps may eliminate some bleeps.

BUM'S NO BUM

When a schoolteacher in Houston told her fifth-grade class to write a paper on the two greatest heroes in Texas' history, one student's entry was Jim Bowie and Bum Phillips.

Bowie, of Alamo fame, seemed a logi-

cal choice, but Phillips, head coach of the Houston Oilers?

"Bum Phillips made a football fan out of my mother," the youngster said. "If he can do that, he has to be a hero."

TRASH AND TRINKETS

Following the Preakness, the infield at Pimlico was strewn with 140 tons of garbage that took 200 men most of the next day to cart off. The removal crew estimated that 80% of it consisted of empty beer, wine and liquor containers, with a curious contrast between the empties at the start and finish lines. Wine was the favorite at the start, bourbon predominated at the wire, and beer was the top choice in the middle of the infield.

The trash also included such unexpected items as several green tennis balls, a canary cage, avorted men's and women's underwear, half an ounce of marijuana and unmistakable evidence that Pimlico had been visited by a cow.

If the above leaves you feeling down in the dumps, be advised that a Balti-



more jeweler named Fred Brown followed up on the Preakness by unveiling a new line of bangles suitable for racegoers everywhere.

Brown's 18-karat gold stirrups, bridles, horses' heads and other trinkets sell for from \$200 to \$1,500. He calls them "Spectacular Bits."

TRIPLING THE TRIPLE

For 25 years, from Citation in 1948 to Secretariat in 1973, no thoroughbred was able to win the Triple Crown—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Some horsemen even said there might never be another Triple Crown winner because it was too much to ask of a still maturing 3-year-old. Besides, they pointed out, with the number

continued

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Buick Opel 4-dr.: 26 est. mpg*

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of foals increasing from 5,819 in Citation's birth year of 1945 to 24,954 in Secretariat's birth year of '70, the chances of one colt's winning all three races had to be greatly reduced.

Now, though, Spectacular Bid is expected to win the Belmont on June 9, just as he did the Derby and Preakness, and become the fourth Triple Crown winner in seven years and the third in a row. How can this be?

Good breeding, says Trainer Johnny Longden: "It's way up in quality. There are so many high-class stallions now and a lot of good broodmares. There's got to be one good one from all those horses."

Poor breeding, says Trainer Jimmy Jones: "We're raising more horses than ever, but we're not coming up with that many good ones. It seems that we're coming up with one right-good horse and the rest don't amount to much."

More racing in the U.S., says Trainer Laz Barrera: "Now they run the whole year round all over the United States."

Other experts cite poor racing luck during the 25-year drought, circumstance, better feed, faster tracks or an unfavorable alignment of the planets. The truth is that no human knows for sure and the horses aren't talking.

CHANGE OF PACE

In an era of skyrocketing athletes' salaries, Hessianlike free agents, and contracts that are binding only until renegotiated, many fans have branded all athletes as greedy and selfish. In rebuttal, consider these three incidents which took place recently in Texas: 1) Bruce Lietzke won the \$1,500 first prize in a Beaumont pro-am golf event and gave his winnings to charity. 2) Roger Staubach won \$3,000 in a pro-celebrity tennis tournament in Houston and turned his check over to the Muscular Dystrophy Association, which was the event's beneficiary. 3) Fred Couples of the University of Houston tied Payne Stewart of SMU for the Southwest Conference golf championship, whose winner was invited to play in the Colonial Invitational in Fort Worth. It had been decided that in case of a tie, players would use regressive matching—that is, comparing hole-by-hole scores, beginning with 18—to determine a winner. Because Couples won the 15th hole, he deserved to be the SWC champ.

But when he found that Stewart was a senior who might never have another chance to play in the Colonial, Couples

said, "Let's play it off. I'm only a sophomore, and I've got two more years." Stewart shot a par 4 on the 1st hole to win the playoff.

In a letter to Couples, Bill Morgan, the SWC information director, said, "Word may get around that you lost that playoff to Payne Stewart for the invitation to the Colonial, but anybody who did what you did is the real winner. Thanks for giving everyone a refresher course in what sportsmanship means."

SELF-STARTER

Three hundred and thirty-four athletes were selected in this month's NFL draft, and while none of them yet has played a single down of pro football, Richard Kirk already leads the 1979 rookie crop in initiative.

A 6' 2", 234-pound defensive end, Kirk correctly assumed last season that few NFL scouts, if any, would see him play for Ohio's tiny Denison University, a school whose football program is best described as modest.

So, since the buyers weren't likely to come to Kirk, Kirk decided to send himself to the buyers. Enlisting the help of his older brother, Gilman Jr., Kirk produced a one-reel color film that just happened to feature the best football plays of Richard Kirk.

Kirk & Kirk Productions spent about \$2,000 on their promotional movie—which Gilman shot on location—including the cost of mailing the finished print to several NFL clubs.

No team was more impressed with the Kirks' camerawork than the Pittsburgh Steelers. Bill Nunn, the assistant director of player personnel, said the film was "as professional as an MGM production," and shortly thereafter sent two Steeler scouts to time and grade Kirk in several physical tests, which the young moviemaker passed with almost Oscar-winning performances. In the football 40-yard dash, Kirk's time of 4.55 seconds was faster than that of any other lineman drafted. Pittsburgh selected Kirk in the ninth round.

"Now we'll have to see if he can play football," one Steeler aide said last week. If not, Kirk's future seems assured as a team cameraman—if Hollywood doesn't draft him, of course.

ABSENT AMPHIBIANS

Maybe they've all been kissed and turned into handsome princes, but there appar-

ently is a serious frog shortage in the land.* Our authority is Gib Hedstrom, 70, of Alexandria, Minn., a professional frog picker who is hopping mad about the situation. He is having trouble capturing the 2,600 frogs used annually for research at the University of Minnesota.

Once Hedstrom traveled in Canada and six or seven Midwestern states picking up to 300 pounds of frogs a day. Now, he says, crop pesticides are washed by rain into the meadows, lowlands and rivers, and people are "doing away with the marshes, potholes, small slough holes and wherever there is water. They're draining everything. There's nothing left for the birds, fish or frogs, and frogs have to have water."

EXAM AT EWES U.

Tryouts for the 1979 Los Angeles Rams cheerleading squad—unofficially known as the Embraceable Ewes—included a 13-question quiz on pro football. Only 31 of the 115 test takers got passing grades. One candidate listed All-Pro Defensive End Jack Youngblood as the Rams quarterback. Another thought the 49ers won the Super Bowl (they won two games all season). Estimates of the number of NFL teams ranged from four to 61. Two who flunked the test still made the squad. Obviously they were graded on different curves.

COUNTERATTACK

When a boorish lot cut in ahead of several other cars waiting in line for gasoline in Los Angeles last week, the driver immediately behind him jumped out of his car in a rage. The rude motorist, however, figured he was safe because his windows were rolled up and his doors were locked.

He didn't get off so easy. The victimized driver just happened to have one of those locking gas caps on his car and, shortly after removing it, was delighted to find that the line jumper had an ordinary gas cap. Striking a blow for justice, the victimized driver traded caps, locked the rude driver's tank and drove off.

THEY SAID IT

• Fred Akers, University of Texas football coach: "Football doesn't take me away from my family life. We've always watched films together."

• Ted Turner, Atlanta Braves owner, on the team as a tax shelter: "They're a shelter all right. A bomb shelter." END

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SPALDING

RINGING IN THE NEW AT INDY

Off-road champion Rick Mears showed he belonged on the same track as the old pros by running circles around them at the Speedway **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Mears' older Penske car (9) outdistanced the "ground effects" version his teammate Bobby Unser drove





Mears is the 10th man to qualify on the pole and finish first in the 500

It was the cleanest thing that happened all month. The 163rd running of the Indianapolis 500 roared out from under the cloud of legal hassles and inter-organizational acrimony that had poisoned the scene since the beginning of May and became one of the finest, safest and swiftest races ever run. In fact, it was two races for the price of one, and each of them a beaut.

Overall victory went to a fresh face at the Speedway, 27-year-old Rick Mears of Bakersfield, Calif., in Roger Penske's red, white and blue Gould Charge. Mears, a onetime off-road-racing champion who was in only his second year at Indy, had sat on the pole, but for most of the going the lead belonged to either Al or Bobby Unser. Aside from three laps at the front during a spate of fuel stops early in the grind, it wasn't until the final 18 laps that Mears had the lead. By then, four-time Indy winner A. J. Foyt had worked his way back up from a long mid-race pit stop that had put him a lap down to the leaders, and he was the only other driver on the same lap with young Mears. But A.J. had overtaxed his engine playing catch-up and there was no way he could mount much of a final charge.

"I just don't know what to say," Mears said in the hub-bub of celebration in the garage area. "This is totally unbelievable to me." As well it might be. It has been only eight months since he graduated from a school that specializes in honing race drivers' skills.

Usually, the main concern of fans and drivers alike as race

continued

day approaches is the flighty Indianapolis weather, and this year was no exception. But worse than the threat of rain was the legal situation, which culminated on Thursday with an army of process servers invading Gasoline Alley and serving subpoenas on nearly everyone in sight. Then on Saturday, to placate the 11 car owners who had brought the latest legal action—they felt the United States Auto Club had changed rules midway through the two previous weekends of qualifying and therefore had not given them a fair chance to get into the field—a unique extra qualifying session was held. Two more drivers went fast enough to enlarge the field from the traditional 33 cars to 35. The added starters were Billy Vukovich (who finished eighth) and George Snider (who went out on the seventh lap with a broken fuel line).

The weather turned perfect for racing by sunrise on Sunday—cool, clear and nearly windless. With former Grand Prix champion Jackie Stewart at the wheel of the pace car, the start was almost letter-perfect. Al Unser, sitting on the outside of the first row in Jim Hall's new Chaparral-Cosworth, showed his savvy at the drop of the green flag. He dived down off the high line through Turn 1 and hit the short chute in the lead. The new Chaparral had been the center of attention since it showed up at the Speedway. For one thing, there was its eye-grabbing chrome-yellow paint job, but more important was the fact that it was the only true "ground effects" car in the race, its underside sculpted to produce suction that not only held the car tight through the corners and reduced aerodynamic drag on the straights, but also caused less wear on the tires, which cuts down on time-consuming tire changes.

"The Chaparral is 100% ground effects," said one Chaparral team member. "The new Penske car, the one driven by Bobby Unser, is about 65%." The Chaparral's advantage showed clearly through the first half of the race. By the ninth lap of the 200 that comprise the race, Al Unser had opened up a five-second lead on Mears, who had chosen to drive a more conventional, older Penske, and at times his bulge stretched out to 15 seconds.

One of the more nagging worries during the early going was what Danny Ongais would do. The former drag racer

knows no fear when it comes to speed. But he had hit the wall in Turn 4 during practice for qualifying, spent two days in the hospital and was forced to qualify back in the pack on the second weekend. Many Ongais watchers feared that he would make a banzai charge from his starting spot on the outside of the ninth row. But the rugged Hawaiian behaved himself and went on to run a smart, smooth race. Despite handling problems with his car late in the race, Ongais finished third behind Mears and Foyt and ahead of Bobby Unser, who came in fourth.

Another worry was driver behavior during the inevitable yellow-flag caution periods. In recent years, when the yellow came out, automatic pacing lights flashed around the track, and drivers were supposed to keep the same interval between cars throughout the caution period. This year USAC decided to borrow a leaf from Grand National stock car racing. When the yellow came out, so did the pace car. Thus, drivers could drive into the pits under the yellow, refuel, change tires, fix minor glitches, then charge back out into the pack swarming behind the pace car. This kind of ruling permits races within races, and a clever driver can close gaps in a manner that was impossible under the old procedure. The fear was that drivers might try to sneak past the pace car and pick up a "free" lap. But it happened only once. Wittingly or unwittingly, Vern Schuppan of Australia slipped past the pace car and was penalized two laps.

While Al Unser built up his lead, the casualties began among the lesser machines. Janet Guthrie, normally a fine conservator of engines and chassis, was the first starter to go, with a burned piston on the fourth lap (Jim McElreath had been unable to get his car running long enough to even take the green flag). She disappeared into Gasoline Alley with tears in her eyes, but then composed herself and took the disappointment, er, personally. Wally Dallenbach was soon to follow, but more spectacularly. With the yellow caution lights blinking as a tow truck dragged Cliff Hucul's car off the track with a broken engine, Dallenbach lost his right rear wheel in Turn 2 and limped into the pits with his wheel hub spewing sparks.

As the race approached the halfway point, it appeared that defending champion Al Unser would be home free for

Al Unser's Chaparral was clearly the quickest car at the Speedway in the first half of the race.



back-to-back victories, matching his triumphs in 1970 and '71. But no one is ever home free at Indy. Suddenly, Unser's Chaparral began spewing oily blue smoke through the corners. Unser pitted quickly, then went back out. This time a trail of flame burst out from the back of the Chaparral. That was all for Al. He had led 85 of the 96 laps the car had run. Race No. 1 was over. The sophisticated Chaparral had sprung a transmission seal, one of the most unpredictable sorts of failures and one usually associated with poorly prepared cars. Yet Unser, who had won four straight 500-mile races dating back to 1977, remained philosophical, at least in public. "It's a shame to have a race car as good as this one," he said, "and then to have something so small happen to put it out. But it's one of those bad days of work."

With one Unser down, the other took charge. Bobby grabbed the lead, with Mears right behind him, and Race No. 2 was on. Tom Sneva and Foyt lay a bit farther back, with Ongais closing in on them. Bobby Unser had started on the inside of the second row, but he hadn't looked particularly quick in practice. Evidently, he was saving it for the real thing. Turning laps in excess of 187 mph, he burned through the groove as if on rails.

Meanwhile, back in the pits, another of the Speedway's patented frustration scenes was being played. Two-time winner Johnny Rutherford had been running a canny race and, using the yellow caution periods to full advantage, he had made his way up to third place. Then, pulling out of the pits under the yellow flag that had been caused by Al Unser's flameout—crunch-o.

"I shifted into fourth and there was nothing," said Gentleman Johnny. While Rutherford waited in the car for 31 minutes as his crew fixed the transmission. "I started counting the laps people were running," said Rutherford, "but I gave that up after 10 or so." The car did get back out, and Rutherford finished in 18th place, completing 168 laps.

By the three-quarter mark, Penske was beginning to permit himself a three-quarter smile. With his cars in train, a Bobby & Rick Choo-Choo, and with no one else on the same lap, it began to appear—well—just possible. Penske has been competing at Indy for 10 years, bringing top sponsors into the sport and a standard of excellence unmatched in any form of motor racing, yet his only vic-



Unser (left), who sought to win back-to-back 500s, departs after his car cooked out on the 96th lap.

tory in the race came in 1972, with the smooth hands of the late Mark Donohue at the wheel. For that reason alone, a victory would be sweet indeed. But with the added factor of Penske's being one of the leaders of Championship Auto Racing Teams, the organization that is challenging USAC for control of Indy car racing, it would be pure ambrosia.

Still, not far to the rear lurked three very real threats: Ongais, Foyt and Sneva. Then Larry Rice put his car into the wall and emerged unharmed simultaneously with the yellow flag. When the green came back on, Bobby's lead over Mears had shrunk from nine to two seconds. A few laps later and the orange No. 14 of A. J. Foyt squeezed by Unser. But that merely got A.J. back on the same lap as the leaders. Foyt's car had stalled while taking on fuel midway through the race and he had lost 49 seconds in the pits getting it restarted.

At this point, things really began to be tense for the Penske team. On Lap 183 Unser suddenly slowed drastically and went into the pits, only to quickly reappear. But his pace was visibly slower. What had happened to Unser was the same thing that had put Rutherford out of contention: his fourth gear, the high-speed running gear, had broken and was soon joined by his third gear.

Mears nipped into the lead, but if another yellow came out it would allow Foyt to close up right behind him. And sure enough, Sneva clouted the wall in Turn 4 on Lap 190. But it did Foyt no

good. His comeback charge had been too much for his Cosworth engine and it had swallowed a valve. Now Foyt could be seen pointing to the rear of his car, indicating the trouble to his crew even as the field motored along at reduced speed behind the pace car. The green came on with four laps to go, and Mears nailed the race down. His average speed of just under 159 mph was four mph off the race record, but he didn't mind that a bit.

For more than a decade, Indy has been dominated by an aging band of overly familiar veterans: the Unsers, Foyt, Rutherford, sixth-place finisher Gordon Johncock and Mario Andretti, who was in Monaco in the process of defending his Grand Prix racing title. The average age of those former 500 winners is 42. It's a long way from the boom years of Baja California, where Mears competed in the Baja 1,000, to the hallowed "yard of brick" at Speedway, Ind. But Mears has handled the transition smoothly. And so has his family. Before the race Sherry Mears, his aunt, had been selling T-shirts with the Mears name printed on them for \$5; after the race the price had gone up to \$10.

Another new face, and a most puckish one at that, also emerged from Sunday's melee. Rookie Howdy Holmes, 5'4" and 29 years old, came out of Formula Atlantic racing to finish seventh in his first Indy. As the man said, youth will be served. And after a month of unseemly wrangling, the Speedway was well served by youth.

NOBODY DOES IT BETTER THAN THEY DO

According to its coach, the team that won Johns Hopkins' 35th national lacrosse title by mauling Maryland is the Blue Jays' best ever **by JOE MARSHALL**

The only thing more impressive than the play of Johns Hopkins in last Saturday's NCAA lacrosse championship was the acclaim that followed it. At the University of Maryland's Byrd Stadium the Blue Jays not only beat the Terrapins in the fine points of the game but outthrust and outmuscled them as well. When the 15-9 mauling was all over, the Maryland players gathered at midfield and paid tribute to their archrivals with a cheer, but the ultimate praise came from the Hopkins coach, Henry (Chc) Ciccarone. In an almost empty locker room an hour after the game, he summed up his team's effort by saying, "I think you have to call this the greatest Johns Hopkins lacrosse team ever."

The greatest Johns Hopkins lacrosse team ever? It might be easier to name the most beautiful Miss America. Hopkins is synonymous with lacrosse excellence. Saturday's win gave the Blue Jays their second straight national championship but not their second overall, nor their fifth, nor 10th, nor even 20th. No, this was their 35th national title. Nevertheless, Ciccarone had logic to back up his boast.

"It's much harder to win the national championship now than it was a few years ago," he said. "There are so many more good players coming out of organized programs and so many more schools actively recruiting them that the competition has gotten much tougher. Yet, against the toughest schedule possible, this team went undefeated."

Ciccarone methodically ticked off the highlights of Hopkins' 13-0 season. The Blue Jays beat second-ranked Maryland and fifth-ranked Virginia twice each, while also defeating third-ranked Navy, fourth-ranked Cornell, and North Carolina State and Army, which finished tied for No. 6. "Despite that schedule, the defense allowed fewer than seven goals a game," Ciccarone said. "That's unheard of in today's faster, higher-scoring lacrosse." Ciccarone didn't bother to add

that the Hopkins offense more than doubled its opponents' goal output and that his team's average margin of victory was more than eight goals. In the context of this season, Saturday's six-goal shellacking of Maryland was a squeaker.

But when the season began 10 weeks ago, the '79 Blue Jays seemed destined to live in the shadow of last year's squad. That team won its last six games before upsetting Cornell for the national championship. It didn't seem possible the Blue Jays could be that good again, since three first-team All-Americans, including Mike O'Neill, probably the finest attackman ever to play at Hopkins, had graduated. "At the start of the year all we heard about was last year's team and the players we had lost," says Midfielder Dave Huntley, one of Hopkins' co-captains. "Most of us were members of that team and played big roles in its success, so we didn't resent the mention of it. But at the same time we were anxious to establish an identity for this year's team."

The trademark that the '79 Blue Jays quickly established was an attack so evenly balanced that it made its individual members almost anonymous. Going into the title game, Maryland's top scorer, Attackman Bob Bonello, had 74 points, 28 more than any other Terp. By contrast, the Blue Jays' leading scorer had only 33 points. But there were six Hopkins players with at least 27 points, and the overall balance was best indicated by the fact that the man with 33, Attackman Jim Zaffuto, was a second-stringer. "What made this team so good was that we never had to rely on one individual to do the job for us," Ciccarone says. "Whenever one player fell down, someone else picked up the slack."

Ciccarone is a superstitious sort who can find dare portent in the happiest of circumstances. Over the last three years Maryland would have been undefeated—had it not had to play Johns Hopkins. Not counting this year's championship, the Blue Jays had won five straight from

the Terrapins, including semifinal victories in the NCAA tournament the past two seasons. Included in the streak was a 13-12 Blue Jay victory earlier this season. That record of prolonged success against Maryland would seem to have been ample reason for optimism last week, but not for Ciccarone. He couldn't help thinking back to last season's NCAA championship. Going into that game, defending champ Cornell had beaten Hopkins five in a row. "I just hope that wasn't an omen," Ciccarone said apprehensively.

Maryland Coach Bud Beardmore pinned his hopes for an upset on a new offense, he had moved his two top scorers, attackmen Bonello and John Lamon, from their normal positions behind the cage to new spots in front of it. In the earlier Maryland-Hopkins game, Blue Jay defensemen had bottled up Bonello and



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE

Lamon behind the goal. While they struggled to get free with the ball, the other Terrapins stood around and watched. Of Maryland's 12 goals that day, nine were unassisted. Beardmore hoped to get his offense moving by putting his two chief scoring threats where they had more room to maneuver.

He also planned to take advantage of the aggressiveness of the nation's best defenseman, Hopkins junior Mark Greenberg. Greenberg had covered Boneillo in the earlier game but had frequently slid off him to double-team someone else. When Greenberg's tactics let Boneillo get free behind the cage, it did Maryland little good. In front of the cage Boneillo would be in position to take a pass and shoot.

At first, Beardmore's strategy appeared to be working. Maryland took a 4-3 lead and might have opened up a

wider margin had not Blue Jay goalie Mike Federico made several extraordinary saves. Before long, however, the vaunted Hopkins defense came to Federico's aid.

Incredibly, for the first 11½ minutes of the second quarter the Blue Jays did not permit Maryland, perhaps the country's most offense-minded team, to get off a shot. Freshman Defenseman Dave Black rarely allowed Lamon to touch the ball, and Greenberg hounded Boneillo. Normally a defenseman won't follow an attackman out past the restraining line, which is located 60 feet in front of the cage, but Greenberg, unwilling to let Boneillo get a running start at the goal, stuck with him even when the Terrapin star retreated almost to midfield. What's more, he occasionally stripped the ball from Boneillo out there. Boneillo did get three goals and an assist, but two of the goals

came on broken plays and the four points were well below his average.

Meanwhile, Hopkins scored five second-quarter goals to take an 8-4 half-time lead. The tying and go-ahead scores came on unassisted goals by Huntley, who, along with freshman Attackman Jeff Cook, had three goals. The 5-0 second quarter effectively sealed the outcome, though Maryland did close the gap to 8-6 early in the third period. The Blue Jays quickly retaliated with three goals of their own, and the Terrapins did not get within four thereafter.

Maryland's frustrations grew as the afternoon wore on. The Terrapins had an extra-man advantage for the final 30 seconds of the first half and failed to get a shot off. They repeatedly committed turnovers, throwing bad passes and dropping good ones. Maryland's low moment came with 7:17 remaining when Terrapin Defenseman Randy Rathff tried to underhand the ball to back-up Goalie Rich Shassian and inadvertently flipped it into the goal for Hopkins' and the game's final score.

Afterward, Ciccarone credited much of his team's success to the leadership of his seniors, taking the occasion to point out that he was losing two of his top four defensemen—but not Black or Greenberg—and five of his seven best midfielders. Still, no one could imagine an end to the Hopkins winning streak, which now stands at 20. One of the best attackmen in the nation, Brendan Schneck, will be a junior at Hopkins next year. He sat out this season after transferring from Navy, where he was a first-team All-America as a sophomore in 1978. As for the shortage in the midfield, it is well known that the Blue Jays had a banner year in recruiting, including in their haul perhaps the best midfielder from the Baltimore area. His name? Henry A. Ciccarone Jr.

Over in the Maryland dressing room, Beardmore was being asked to look into the future. A reporter cited the Terrapins' six straight losses to Hopkins and the Blue Jays' incoming talent before asking, "How are you ever going to beat Hopkins?" For a moment Beardmore looked as if he might answer, but that moment gradually grew into a prolonged silence. At length he shook his head slowly. Then, in a voice just above a whisper, he answered, "I don't know."



Dave Huntley, the key man in Hopkins' balanced offense, pumped in three goals against the Tera



THIS DALE IS APPROACHING HER PEAK

She's Davona Dale, Calumet Farm's brilliant 3-year-old filly, who has triumphed in six consecutive stakes races on as many tracks and is the year's third-leading money winner behind Spectacular Bid and Affirmed **by WILLIAM LEGETT**

Already the comparisons are being made among the horsemen on the backstretch and among the fans out front in the stands. Wherever she has raced and won this season—Gulfstream Park, the Fair Grounds, Oaklawn Park, Churchill Downs, Pimlico and now Belmont—Davona Dale has evoked memories of the great filly Ruffian.

And with good reason. Last Saturday afternoon she won the \$83,550 Acorn Stakes at Belmont to become the third-leading money earner (\$375,475) this year behind Spectacular Bid and Affirmed, and the indications are that she is going to get much better and much richer.

An hour after Davona Dale beat Elcomenti, the best 3-year-old filly from the West, trainer John Veitch of Calumet Farm sat in his comfortable cottage on the backstretch at Belmont discussing his filly's potential. "She's the best horse I've ever trained," said the man who also has Alydar, the runner-up in the 1978 Triple Crown races. "She has as much natural ability as you can find in a racehorse."

Because of Davona Dale, Calumet is off to a great start in 1979 with earnings of \$564,326.50 and there is no tell-

ing how much the strapping bay daughter of Best Turn from the Tim Tam mare Royal Entrance will kick in. While many feel that Davona Dale is already the second-best 3-year-old in the land, she won't run against colts until the fall at the earliest, a possibility both exciting and disturbing, considering Ruffian's tragic breakdown in the 1975 match race with Foolish Pleasure. "I run her against colts in the Tropical Park Derby in January," Veitch says of Davona Dale. "and I don't second-guess myself for doing it. She drew the outside post position at Calder, the worst position to run out of, and she still finished fourth and was beaten by only five lengths. She had a lot to learn at that time, and maybe if she had a little more experience she might have won."

Between now and June 30, Davona Dale—she is named for a character in a novel written by Admiral Gene Markley, the co-owner of Calumet—will attempt to become the fifth winner of the New York Triple Crown for fillies. The four who have swept the Acorn, Mother Goose and Coaching Club American Oaks are Dark Mirage, Shuvee, Chris Evert and Ruffian, all very good horses. "The most difficult part of the New York

Triple," says Veitch, "is going from the 1 1/4-mile Mother Goose to the 1 1/2 miles of the Coaching Club. That's a huge jump. Colts don't have to do that. They go from 1 1/4-mile races like the Flamingo and the Florida Derby to the Kentucky Derby at 1 1/4 miles before they go to 1 1/2 miles in the Belmont. But I'm certain that the longer the distances get the better Davona Dale will get. She's so strong, so competitive. When she's in her stall, she's as mild-mannered as can be, but when we take her out on the track to work or race, she's tough. She just wants to run like crazy. Once she gets going she doesn't want to stop."

National attention is hard for a 3-year-old filly to come by in the spring as most fans—and the media—concentrate on the colts preparing for the Triple Crown. On May 4, for example, Davona Dale ran a remarkable race to win the 1 1/4-mile, \$128,100 Kentucky Oaks, an event as old as the Derby, but run the day before it and thus overshadowed. In the Oaks, Davona Dale was carried very wide approaching the stretch curve by Candy Eclair, the co-champion (and undefeated) 2-year-old filly of 1978 with It's In The Air. Forced to run out beyond the middle of the track to get by Candy

Davona Dale's latest victory came in The Acorn at Belmont, which she won by 2½ lengths.

Eclair, Davona Dale sauntered home an impressive 4½-length winner. Two weeks later Veitch brought Davona Dale to Pimlico for the \$111,800 Black-Eyed Susan, also at 1¼ miles, and she ran even better than she had at Louisville. In Baltimore she went out to the lead and won by 4½ lengths, but the Black-Eyed Susan is run on the day before the Preakness, and...

When the Black-Eyed Susan was over, Veitch was asked where he might start Davona Dale next. "She's running so strong and good now," he said, "it might not be a bad idea to start her in the Indianapolis 500."

While Calumet is best known for male runners like Triple Crown winners Citation and Whirlaway as well as Armed, Tim Tam, Coaltown, Ponder, Hill Gail, Iron Liege, Hardsown and Alydar, it has produced a remarkable number of outstanding fillies and mares. In 1944 Calumet's Twilight Tear became the first filly to be named Horse of the Year. And then in 1977 Our Mims was the 3-year-old filly champion. Although renowned for its eight Kentucky Derby and seven Preakness winners, Calumet has also had five winners of both the Kentucky Oaks and the Coaching Club American Oaks. When Davona Dale won the Black-Eyed Susan it was the fifth win in that race for Calumet.

By the middle of August, Davona Dale could attempt a most difficult prize. With the Kentucky Oaks and Black-Eyed Susan behind her, she needs to win the June 30 Coaching Club American Oaks to become only the second filly to win all three races in the last 30 years. The only runner ever to do so was Wistful, also owned by Calumet. Veitch's current plans call for Davona Dale to run in the June 10 Mother Goose before the Coaching Club, then to rest before the Alabama at Saratoga. A sweep of all three would give her a grand slam of major filly races, a feat hitherto unaccomplished.

The field of seven that Davona Dale faced in the mile Acorn was the best group she had met thus far. The most notable was Eloquent, owned by Harbor View Farm, which also owns 1978 Triple Crown winner Affirmed. Eloquent

had won four of five stakes starts and replaced Terlingua as the top 3-year-old in the West. Eloquent's last start before the Acorn was a sizzling win in the seven-furlong Railbird at Hollywood Park in which she set a stakes record of 1:20½. But Eloquent wasn't the only horse to ship to New York to face Davona Dale. Barnegate Bay arrived from New Jersey, while Himalayan and Plankton, who had finished behind Davona Dale in Kentucky and Maryland, respectively, decided to have another go at her. Finally, there was Fall Aspen, a three-time stakes winner over New York tracks, who also figured to give Davona Dale trouble.

Fall Aspen tried to get the lead away

from Eloquent in the Acorn, but just wasn't swift enough. Eloquent had a slight lead as the field swept toward the stretch turn, where Davona Dale made her move and poked her head in front. Under the light urging of Jorge Velasquez' whip, Davona Dale gradually drew out to win by 2½ lengths in 1:36, decent time over a track that had been lashed by rains for two days before the race. As Davona Dale went under the finish line, Eloquent easily beat Plankton by 7½ lengths for second. And so the devil's red and blue Calumet Farm colors were in front of the Harbor View flamingo, black and white in a Triple Crown race—even if it was a year late.

EDMO

Groom Jesse Sports, who also cared for champion Our Mims, gets a belly rub from Davona Dale



PUTTING THE TOUR IN HIS POCKET

With four wins and four seconds so far, Tom Watson is virtually assured of becoming the first golfer to win \$500,000 in one season. At Muirfield Village, he turned in the year's best round in the year's worst weather **by DAN JENKINS**

Jack Nicklaus on Tom Watson: "Tom is playing by far the best golf of anyone in the game right now. You'd have to ask him what his goals are, but I think he would agree that his performance in the U.S. Open, British Open, Masters and PGA over the next years will determine his ultimate position in the game. Let's see what happens in the next four or five years. He's one heck of a player, and one heck of a guy. And he's got a good head on his shoulders."

"It's not fair to Tom to compare him to me right now. He came to the tour in a different way than I did. He went through the qualifying school, then had to qualify on Mondays, then had to learn to make the cut, then learn to make money, and then learn how to win. I don't say this because I was able to come out and win immediately. I say it with admiration for how hard he's worked and how he's conducted himself."

Arnold Palmer on Tom Watson:

"I'm ready to hand the crown over to him, and it looks like Jack is, too. Tom's extra cocky and very confident, two very necessary things to becoming a great player."

Miller Barber on Tom Watson:

"I chased the man all week. The closer I got the harder he was to see. There's something intangible about him. I don't know what it is, or how to describe it, but truly great athletes have something that sets them apart, something the rest of us don't get given. Tom Watson has it. He's willing to make the sacrifices you need to make, he's got the drive, the ambition and, Lord knows, the ability. He's on the verge of being one of the game's great ones."

Tom Watson won another golf tournament last week. Of course. He won the Memorial, or the Nicklaus, as some people think of it, at the Muirfield Village course on the pastoral outskirts of Columbus, Ohio. He won it easily, by three strokes over Barber, with rounds of 73, 69, 72 and 71 for a three-under-par total of 285. On that particular golf course, and under the cold, wet, windy and generally horrible conditions that existed



throughout the week, his performance was among the most brilliant of 1979. In fact, the three-under-par 69 Watson shot on Friday afternoon during the most miserable weather of all was the finest sin-

gle round that has been played all year—or in many years, for that matter. That round wrapped up the tournament for him, if not statistically then at least psychologically.

On a day when the average score of the field was 78.75 because the temperature was 45 degrees, the wind was howling at 30 mph and the wind chill factor made it feel like 13 degrees, on a day when every ski cap and pair of warm gloves in Columbus had been purchased, on a day when virtually every player in the field staggered into the clubhouse and slung his rain suit across the room, kicked a table leg and began whimpering about a round of 85, Watson hit 16 greens in regulation, made three birdies and no bogeys. In reality, his 69 was more like nine under par for the day, for that day.

Chi Chi Rodriguez summed it up the best in the locker room. After listening for an hour to the other competitors complaining about the impossible conditions—"This ain't golf" was the theme—Rodriguez got everyone's attention. He said, "Hey, guys, tell me something. How come the best player in the world is leading the tournament?"

It's rather terrifying to dwell on what Watson has been up to lately. Last Sunday's victory was his fourth of the year. He had previously won the Heritage, the Tournament of Champions and the Byron Nelson Classic. He has also been second four times. In fact, Watson has finished sixth or better in 19 out of the 14 events he has entered. With his Memorial paycheck, Watson's earnings for the year have risen to \$353,874, which is already the second-highest total ever, second to the \$362,429 Watson won last year. And last week was still in the month of May?

It seems to be an absolute certainty that this year Watson will become golf's first half-million-dollar man.

Of his Friday round, the round that enabled him to coast along through Saturday and Sunday with leads of up to seven strokes, Watson said, "It was one of the best rounds I've ever played. There was nothing easy or comfortable about it. I just made very few mistakes, because when you're playing well, you're in a good frame of mind. The key was keeping my hands warm. I guess I'm used to playing in this kind of weather. It's good Kansas City weather."

Lanny Wadkins had led the Memorial

after the first round with a 69, but it became Watson's tournament on Friday when his very different kind of 69 gave him a four-stroke lead over Nicklaus, Tom Kite and Peter Jacobsen. After the third round, he was still ahead by four shots, Barber being the nearest challenger. Nicklaus kept his hometown admirers happy by hanging close for three days, but two double-bogeys and a triple-bogey through 12 holes on Sunday nudged Jack toward a 79 and a finishing tie for 27th place.

There are a few other measures of how much better Watson is now than anyone else. The second man on the money list, Lanny Wadkins, is almost \$200,000 behind. Watson has almost three times as many Ryder Cup points as anyone else. In just the last three years, he has won more than \$1 million. He is now the favorite in any tournament he enters, whether Nicklaus is around or not. Last week Watson was asked if it made him feel any different knowing he was supposed to beat everyone, every week.

"It's more fun than wondering whether I could beat myself," he said, and grinned.

Thanks to the founder and host, Mr. Nicklaus, there were other vital matters to discuss last week besides Tom Watson and the Columbus weather. Nicklaus, it seems, had recently decided to inject a certain amount of pessimism into his view of the PGA tour. He had done so both in print and out of it, and reaction to some of his views made the Muirfield Village locker room a livelier place than usual.

Nicklaus had said bluntly, "We have antagonized sponsors by forcing them to raise their purses. We have failed to build significant tournaments. We have failed to build new stars." To many, his choice of the word "we" meant nobody else but tour Commissioner Deane Beman, whether or not Nicklaus was willing to admit it publicly.

While a majority of the other pros agree that the tour does have its problems—largely in scheduling and in handling the increasing number of players—most tended to disagree with what Nicklaus had to say about the non-emergence of new stars and about the building and improving of events. Nicklaus himself certainly believes that his own tournament, the Memorial, is significant. And he obviously had not failed to no-

continued



tice that Watson had become an authentic new star and for the third consecutive year was, by any measure you cared to use, the finest golfer in the world. Aside from Watson, the pros point to such as Lanny Wadkins, Jerry Pate, Andy Bean, Hubert Green, Fuzzy Zoeller and Ben Crenshaw, among others, as examples of different personalities who have begun to interest the public.

"We've got plenty of great golfers and plenty of goofballs out here," said Green. "I think the press in general hasn't worked hard enough to get to know them. If you ask me what the biggest problem facing the tour is, I'll say the press." Then Green amended himself. "The local

press," he said. "Most of the time, they either write about Nicklaus if he's there, or else they write about why Nicklaus isn't there."

The majority of the pros snickered at Nicklaus' statement about antagonizing sponsors. They doubted that Berman had antagonized any more sponsors over the years than Nicklaus had by refusing to play in a large number of tournaments in cities or on courses he doesn't like. Nicklaus has been aware of the criticism, but his schedule has been dictated by his quest for major championships. And, as he slides into the role of elder statesman, he has said that he wants to appear at all of the places he has bypassed.

Because Nicklaus is now both an immortal and a sponsor, it is sometimes difficult to tell whether he's expressing true concern about the health of the game or speaking from the platform of self-interest. "Interest in golf is dropping off," he was saying last week. "We need special events other than the four majors. By special events I mean tournaments that are different from each other."

That translated into: the Memorial should have a smaller, more exclusive field, which Berman won't grant.

"There is too much sameness," Nicklaus said. "Deane wants to take strong events and give them weaker dates, and take weak events and give them strong dates. You'll never see the Tournament Players Championship in a weak date."

Translation: the Memorial has a weaker TV date than the Tournament Players Championship, so the TPC has the inside track to becoming a fifth major championship, if there ever is to be such an event. The TPC is now the event with the strongest field of all, so decreed by Berman's rules making participation compulsory.

Nicklaus also suggested that television is diminishing its golf audience by making every tournament look remarkably the same. If the only thing the viewer ever watches is Bill Rogers hitting a shot, then Bob Byman hitting a shot on another hole, then Wayne Levi hitting a shot on still another hole, and if the viewer never sees a close-up, a stroll down the fairway, or a golfer scratching his head, he will not likely be able to tell them apart. In rebuttal, CBS-TV producer-director Frank Churkman said, "You have an exciting telecast when you have an exciting tournament."

Whatever the problems are with the tour—if there really are any major difficulties—the hottest debate of all at Muirfield centered on a plan being considered by the PGA for a "second tour."

Roughly, the plan would call for the game's top 100 players, based on the money list from year to year, to comprise the field on the "real tour." They would be eligible to compete in the top 30 events for all of those \$300,000 purses. And everyone knows which tournaments those would be. A Crosby and a Colonial would make it, a Pensacola and a Quad Cities probably wouldn't.

Meanwhile, the game's other 150 to 200 players would compete on the "other tour" in tournaments offering only

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMASE



Miller Barber's high moment came on Saturday with a birdie on the 17th hole that outshone Watson's.

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\$150,000 in purses. At the end of each official season, the top 20 or 30 players from the lower level would move up to the big time, and the lowest 20 or 30 out of the top 100 would either move back to the minors or go home. All of this assumes that Berman can find 30 sponsors in 30 areas who want to put up \$150,000 for the privilege of watching Ed Sabo, Tim Simpson and Jeff Mitchell play golf with their event untelevised.

"I think it's a good idea," Nicklaus said, naturally. "It would relieve the crush. It would provide opportunities for more players. It would take golf to cities which don't have it, to regions of the country which don't have it. And it would create new stars. Somebody would come along and win six tournaments on the second tier and would arrive on the major tour as an accepted 'name.'"

Palmer doesn't agree.

"It's a very bad idea," he said. "We would be drawing a line we don't have to draw. The best players pretty much play in the same tournaments as it is now, but we don't call the others 'minor league.' The minute you designate something as minor league, you've got an uphill battle."

Green is aware of the dangers, but he believes the two-tier idea is the only answer for the future. "We've got to make it work with everybody's help, including TV, or there's not going to be any place to put everybody out here," he said. "It's in the best interest of all our players, not just those of us who would start out on the big circuit. Besides, there would be good golf played on the other tour."

The concept apparently appeals to most players, elite and otherwise, primarily because a second tour not only would provide a training ground for younger players but would also be a nice grazing land for fading veterans. Hence, the membership will likely vote in favor of trying to work out a plan for the major and minor league when Berman pounds a gavel at some point during the summer.

Nonetheless, Hale Irwin cut straight to the heart of the problem when he said, "I don't know how in the world you're going to get a sponsor to volunteer to be minor league."

Of course, if Tom Watson just goes on winning every golf tournament, even the major leagues are going to get pretty dull after a while. The best solution to that may be to put Watson in a league all his own. He seems to belong there now. **END**

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Although it's only 200 miles long, the Klamath River of northern California has many faces. Great green combers roll in from the Pacific past the sandbar at its mouth where Yurok Indians jug for eels and sea lions frolic as they wait for a run of salmon. A short distance upstream, fishing resorts and camps flank the straight edge of Highway 101 where logging trucks loaded with the trunks of giant redwoods roar past day and night. This is the town of Klamath (pop. 635), a community predicated on Chinook salmon and steelhead trout.

CLAMOR ALONG THE KLAMATH

The beautiful course of the Klamath River in northern California has grown ugly in recent years. It is a setting for war—at times a shooting war—between sports fishermen and Indian gill-netters, with the salmon caught in the middle

by ROBERT F. JONES

Above Klamath, the river loops between high bluffs thick with young redwoods and madrones. Vast gravel bars gleam in the green water and herring gulls scream over the shallows. Then the river narrows gradually, its pace quickening.

Beyond road's end, the river grows wilder, the rapids rougher, the banks only infrequently showing signs of human presence: a sprawling ranch at Apah; a vast and ugly clear-cut, courtesy of the Simpson Timber Company, near Blue Creek; a modernistic house of weathered wood and glass, balanced precariously on a rock where Saepur Creek enters from the west. At the Indian town of Johnson's, eight or nine junked cars rusting on the bluff announce the presence of 200 human beings. Still, the overall impression is one of deep natural beauty: a strong, raucous, clear-running river and big white boulders, some of them topped with equally white driftwood.

But there is another face to the Klamath River, one that has grown uglier each year since 1975. It's a face of war, the Great Klamath-Trinity River Salmon War, the Trinity being the Klamath's principal tributary. Real bullets whiz

back and forth across the Klamath at times, Indian firing at white men; Indian at Indian; cop at violator. Last summer a white canoeist was shot in the back far upriver. Like many modern wars, this one has no out-and-out bad guys, unless it be "government," that catchall bad guy of our times. On one side are arrayed sportsmen, resort owners, local law-enforcement officers and the majority of the 3,800-member Yurok tribe that occupies the lower 50 miles of the Klamath-Trinity system. On the other side are 18 to 20 commercial gill-netters, themselves mostly Yuroks, and their backer, the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs. Caught in the middle, to a greater or lesser extent, are 1,400 Hoopa Indians who occupy a 12-mile-square reservation just upriver of the Yuroks, the 500 or so Karok Indians upstream from them, the Secretary of the Interior, Cecil Andrus; various California state officials; and—most poignantly—the salmon and steelhead of the river.

The issues involved in the conflict are so deep-rooted and complex as to require a latter-day Solomon to resolve them, yet if resolution isn't achieved by the time this summer's Chinook run starts later this month, most experts—Indian and non-Indian alike—agree that the Klamath may be finished as a natural salmon fishery. The reason: since 1975, in an exercise of "traditional Indian fishing rights," a small group of Indians (and some non-Indians) has been gillnetting the river so heavily that the salmon of the Klamath-Trinity drainage may have reached the point of no return. The netters aren't fishing just for "subsistence," an ill-defined term that would seem to mean home consumption, but for money. They have been selling their catches for prices up to \$6 a pound—in defiance of a 1933 California state law that forbids commercial salmon fishing in any of the state's once salmon-thick rivers, and with the overt approval of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

"This is a river that has been devastated," said U.S. Representative Robert L. Leggett during congressional hearings on the matter last fall. "We have virtually lost the salmon in the Sacramento River, and we have lost them in lots of rivers in California. We are in danger of losing them in this river." Leggett, who is chairman of the House Subcommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife, was addressing himself to Forrest Gerard, Assistant Sec-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER DOSS JR.

retary of the Interior in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. "If there are violations that have occurred out there, those violations ought to be reasonably pursued. There has been the law of the jungle on this river for much too long. It has been utter chaos."

Though the origin of this chaos dates back at least to 1891, when some five northern California Indian tribes were given the Hoopa Reservation on the Klamath, the immediate furor began taking shape in 1969. In that year a downriver Indian named Raymond Mattz was

arrested by the California Fish and Game Department agents for gillnetting salmon on the Klamath. In 1972 Mattz took the case—*Arnett vs. Five Gill Nets et al.*—all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, and although the Court said nothing about Indians fishing in violation of state law, it did rule that the lower Klamath—the 50 miles below the so-called Hoopa Square—was to be considered part of the reservation. In 1975 the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that the state had no power to interfere with Indian fishing rights on the reservation unless such regulation

was needed to conserve the resource.

The famous (or infamous) Judge Boldt decision of 1972 in the state of Washington had clarified the rights of so-called "treaty" Indians living along the Columbia River drainage to fish for salmon without regulation. Early this May, U.S. District Court Judge Noel P. Fox of Grand Rapids ruled similarly in a case involving Chippewa Indian gill-netters, upholding the rights granted by treaties signed in 1836 and 1855. "The mere passage of time," he wrote, "cannot erode the rights guaranteed by solemn treaties.

continued





Near its mouth where the gill nets are set, the Klamath meanders placidly along vast gravel bars, but a few miles upstream it narrows, its pace quickening.

SALMON WAR *continued*

The Indians have a right to fish today wherever fish are to be found. . . It is an Indian treaty case."

But the Hoopa Reservation wasn't set up by treaty. It was established by executive order with no mention of fishing rights. Nonetheless, Mattz and the other commercial fishermen on the Klamath argue that—until recently—no one, the BIA included, had interfered with their gillnetting. During the summer run of 1975, Mattz and a few dozen of his fellow Indians began fishing commercially in a big and blatant way. The BIA did nothing to stop them. The rationale offered was based on debateable anthropological evidence that some Yuroks in pre-white days had occasionally traded salmon for deerskins and artifacts.

The bureau's *laissez-faire* policy frightened and outraged sports fishermen and the resort owners who had been earning more than \$1 million a year from the sport fishery. Under the leadership of Ed Henke, a former San Francisco 49er, the sportsmen banded together in a group called the Klamath-Trinity River Coalition, Inc. "I've been fishing that

river for 30 years," says Henke, "and I knew right away that most of the Indians were against commercial fishing. The Yuroks, and the other Indians upstream, know damn well that the resource is fragile, that you don't hit it hard year after year with heavy monofilament gill nets in every eddy and expect to have anything left. The Chinook has a three- to five-year life cycle. When it returns to spawn, it dies, as do all the Pacific salmon. If there isn't enough 'escapement' from the nets, that whole year's return can be wiped out. We've had unconscionably heavy gillnetting now for three years. Figure it out."

If it were simply a matter of the Indian majority recognizing a threat to its major resource, one would think the Indians would stop the 18 or 20 "outlaw" gill-netters. There is, however, another legal fly in the proverbial ointment: the Jessie Short case. In the early 1950s the BIA decided that the mudriver Hoopa Square was one reservation and that the "Yurok Extension"—the 50 miles of river below the square with a mile of mountainous country on each side—was an-

other, separate reservation. That arbitrary, bureaucratic fiat deprived the 3,800 Yuroks of the wealth of the Hoopa plateau, mainly timber valued at \$200 million. Allan Morris, a white man and former Eureka, Calif. police detective married to a Yurok woman named Fawn Williams, took on the role of adviser to the Yuroks and sued the BIA. In 1973 the U.S. Court of Appeals ruled in favor of Morris' advisee, a woman named Jessie Short, and 3,300 other claimants, who aren't necessarily full-blooded Yuroks but are residents of the extension. The court said that the two reservations were one and that the Yuroks had at least \$16 million coming to them.

"We still haven't seen the money," says Morris, a burly, intense man who lives in a modest home in Mountain View, near San Francisco. "Look at all these papers"—he gestures to room after room full of legal documents, press releases, newspaper clippings. "Pretty soon Fawn and I will be living in the yard with a house full of documents."

The distribution of Yurok monies has been held up because the Court of Ap-

peals can't decide which of the 3,300 litigants is a true Yurok. Until this question of Yurokness is sorted out, the BIA is holding the money in trust. Morris and his wife, and many other Yuroks as well, refuse to set up any sort of tribal organization until they can do so in tandem with the Hoopa council. At that time, they argue, they will decide what to do or not to do about commercial fishing on the river. Morris particularly fears that the BIA is trying to force the Yuroks into a premature tribal organization so that the agency can then say, "Aha! They always have been a separate tribe, just as we said in 1953, so give us back our \$16 million."

To be sure, the Bureau of Indian Affairs has a bad track record, dating to the early Agency days when corruption flourished around the twin allures of booze (for Indians) and furs (for whites)—but in this day and age? "They're two-faced liars!" rages Morris. "They're out to get our money and kill the salmon in the Klamath."

But why?

"In 1980," Morris says, "California loses its lease to water from the Colorado River. Where is the state going to get water for Southern California? If the salmon in the Klamath-Trinity system are wiped out, the non-Indian sportsmen and environmentalists will lose interest. And if the fish are wiped out by Indians, even more so. Then the government can build high dams wherever they want, with only a few Indians—who are all already branded as 'villains' because of the salmon kill—arguing against it. So Southern Californians will still be able to wash their cars, but all of the Indians of the river will find themselves depatriated. They'll have to leave the river. It will have become a chain of sterile lakes."

To be sure, paranoia and sunshine abound in equal measure in California, yet a number of reasonable men agree with Morris' theory. One of them is Bob Bostwick, 42, a lean, bemused steelhead enthusiast who with his wife, Jenny, runs Kamp Klamath, an RV park on the lower river catering to the fishing trade. Bob and Jenny moved up to the Klamath from the freeway freneticism of Southern California six years ago, looking for a life of self-sufficiency and lots of fishing.

"At first glance it would seem pretty unlikely," Bostwick says of Morris' theory. "But the more you think of it, the more sense it makes. The BIA is in business as 'trustee' of the various Indian



Van Pelt, a Yurok, speaks softly for salmon.

tribes on reservations. It's up to the agency to keep the reservations economically healthy. Yet it was the BIA that condoned the commercial gill-netting in the first place, and it's the BIA that's been promulgating regulations for commercial fishing the past couple of years. In effect, they've legalized the destruction of this river as a fishing resource—not just for the Indians, but for all of us, Indians, sportsmen and lodge owners alike. There are 19 lodge owners here in Klamath. Two of them have already gone under, and more are likely to fail this summer. Why would any federal agency permit this sort of destruction—of the Indians' livelihood as well as our own—if there weren't something bigger behind it? And that something, the Bostwicks agree, is the water-hungry burgeoning population and rich agricultural lands of Sac-

ramento and the Sacramento delta 300 miles to the south of the Klamath.

The Bostwicks, other resort owners, sportsmen and some residents have banded together to form yet another organization, the Klamath River Basin Task Force, which is suing Cecil Andrus, the Department of the Interior and the BIA for failing to prepare a proper environmental impact statement before the BIA's authorization of commercial netting in August 1977. In addition, the task force has filed a claim asking \$1.25 million in damages.

What hurt the resort owners most was a lukewarm compromise between the BIA and the state of California last summer. In August, with the concurrence of the Fish and Wildlife Service, the agency imposed a moratorium on all fishing—commercial and sports—with the exception of "traditional" Indian subsistence netting. "As if 'subsistence' fishing weren't the same damn thing as commercial!" says Bostwick. "Who's to say if they take those fish home or sell 'em?"

Last Sept. 5, while working on a drug case, Del Norte County Sheriff Tom Hopper and his men stopped a truck on Highway 101 carrying 650 salmon and one steelhead worth some \$60,000 to \$70,000.

Hopper is a short, dapper, wry-spoken man of 41 who has lived in the Klamath-Crescent City area for about 20 years. "We thought we had a narcotics bust going," he said not long ago in his Crescent City office. "This area has some of the richest marijuana-growing country

continued

Patterson, a native, says he wants to use the Klamath the way his great-grandmother intended him to.



anywhere. But when we pulled that truck over, I saw it: water running from the back of the truck. Melting ice. We'd caught a load of fish. It was a Hertz Rent A Truck, and the salmon were all belly-picked in ice, a real professional job."

Hopper, who takes enforcement of the salmon situation seriously, says that Klamath River fish are being sold to points as distant as Reno, San Diego, Los Angeles, Denver and "maybe even as far as New York, from what we've heard."

"Black-market prices are so high," he says ruefully, "that they can operate with impunity anywhere they want. It's the same situation as it was in 1933, when the state banned commercial salmon fishing—a small number of greedy individuals wiping out the resource for short-term gain."

"What I'm afraid of is the violence that could well erupt on the river this summer. We came damn close to death last summer, during the moratorium. Last December I learned that there were 60 gill nets in the river on one given day. I called the Fish and Wildlife guys in Sacramento, and I even called Washington. I screamed bloody murder. The operator or secretary who answered in F&W in our nation's capital said that the responsible people in this matter were on vacation. I guess that's when I said maybe when they come out here this summer we'll be on vacation."

Across the street from Sheriff Hopper's headquarters is the office of Del Norte County District Attorney Bob Weir, a trim, wiry and eagle-eyed young lawyer who likes to exercise his hands with wire-sprung compressors while he talks. "The first priority in this whole sorry business," he said, "is to settle the Jesse Short case as soon as possible. Why it's taken 20 years for that case to go through, only God and the federal courts know. If they could only have invested that money—some \$16 to \$20 million—into the river economy, buying resorts or something to help the local economy, Indian and white, then it might have been worth it. If the BIA would but do it. . . . But they won't. Their prime interest, to my mind, is to keep from getting sued, to keep their tails out of a legal bend."

"The decline in the fishery, in my opinion, is only partly the fault of the Indians who are going at it commercially. It's minor. The biggest cause is bad logging practices, which have made many spawning streams impassable to salmon



Last year, during a ban on all but "subsistence" fishing, as many as 60 nets like this one were in use.

and have helped to silt up the river. Another factor, certainly, is the removal of water from the upper drainage of the Trinity to the south. But I don't think there's an overall, calculated plan—a conspiracy—to destroy the river in order to divert its water down south."

Weir flexes his wrists and compresses the wooden handles. "To allow commercial fishing, as the BIA and the Interior Department have done, and then to stop it in midseason as they did last summer, is a bit like letting the genie out of the bottle and then trying to stuff him back in."

One of the saving graces of any salmon fishery, of course, is the fact that all salmonids can be readily raised in hatcheries, then restocked in waters where the

native population has failed. But Weir, who has done his homework thoroughly, feels otherwise in the Klamath's case. "Hatchery input is bad for the river," he says. "Hatchery fish return only to limited spawning spots—the places they were planted—while wild fish cover the whole spectrum of the river. What's more, hatchery fish are fed on chopped liver and other goodies while they're growing, thus they're bigger and stronger than the natives—they compete in the river for food against the natives, and they win."

Weir sees a historical link with the problems of old English salmon rivers. "In medieval times," he says, "it was a crime punishable by death for a commoner to take the king's salmon. Yet men

risked it, and do to this day, though the penalty is less severe. Poaching these fish is so profitable, here as it was there, that men are willing to risk even death for the payoff. You can suppress illegal fishing, but you can't stop it."

Bill Van Pelt, 60, is a short, husky, soft-spoken Yurok with a thick white crew cut and the classic cheekbones and strong chin one sees in photographs of 19th-century war chiefs of the Great Plains.

"I speak for the salmon who have no voice," he likes to say, and he speaks very articulately. "A lot of people these days are saying that the Indian is a 'natural conservationist.' That's a lot of bunk. I'm fed up with a lot of this stuff they teach in the Native American Studies programs that make the Indian out to be some sort of ecological and ethnic saint. Our ancestors were killers, both of men and of other animals, salmon included. When I was a boy growing up on the river, the old people used to talk of how the first Yuroks who came into the Klamath country rubbed out a Stone Age people who were here ahead of us."

"The only reason they didn't kill all the salmon before you white men got here was because they had a crude, weak technology. They had heavy dugout canoes—I'm damned if I know how they cut down the trees to make them, maybe with fire—and they used nets woven from iris grass or else wicker fish traps made of roots and branches. They fished for a week or two as the salmon run passed the family fishing hole, caught maybe eight or 10 salmon a night. Salmon wasn't the only or even the major source of protein. There were shellfish, eels, deer when they could hit them with their weak bows and arrows, eel very rarely. The Indians who are now gillnetting the salmon to death are fishing drift nets in the mouth of the Klamath. They say they're fishing 'traditionally.' That's bunk, too. Nobody ever fished the mouth in the old days. It was too far away, and who could paddle those big, cumbersome canoes back upstream? These gill-netters say that the old Yuroks traded salmon with other tribes, and thus they justify commercial fishing. That's a lie. The old Indians believed it to be a sin to sell or barter fish."

"There used to be a fall run of big salmon in the Klamath—we called them 'kings.' They were big fish, 60 pounds or more. We wiped that run out about 1945. Now it looks like we're going to wipe

out the summer and the spring runs as well. Then we can all move away and lament the good old days." He smiles sadly, shakes his head and sips from his coffee cup. "I guess I don't have to tell you. The other Indians say I'm a white man with a brown skin. I don't care what they say. I speak for the salmon who cannot speak for themselves. This river needs a long rest—a total moratorium on subsistence as well as commercial and sport fishing, while a decent, solid study is done so we know what we have left."

During this spring's run—a small one at best—the only enforcement of BIA regulations on the river was being handled by three Yurok officers of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, including Dale Miller, 32, a supervisor and wildlife inspector, who was in charge. I rode up the river on patrol with Miller and his two assistants, Ron Holzhauser and Blake Proctor, in their 55-mph aluminum-hulled jet boat. It was a bright, cool day after a week of rain and the river was rising high. "Our job is to check the name and registration number on every gill net in the river," said Miller, a portly man with a cop's hard eyes. "We check to see if there are fish in the nets—so far this run hasn't been very productive—and that the nets aren't more than 100 feet in length overall. Each family can fish two nets of 50 feet each. The moratorium of last fall was lifted for this spring run, but even if it hadn't been, I don't know what I'd do if I caught a violator. Give him a warning, I guess. I'm under orders from the BIA not to make any unnecessary arrests. We're trying to keep a low profile so as to avoid the SWAT team approach we used last summer."

The run up the river was uneventful. We found 33 nets, all of them properly marked and registered. Only one contained a fish—a 40-pound sturgeon, an incidental but valuable victim in the salmon game. A scattering of salmon was taken, but it was by all accounts a mediocre run at best. Halfway up to Coon Creek Falls, Miller pulled the patrol boat over to a gravel bar where a johnboat with an outboard was beached. In it, awakening from a peaceful siesta, was Jerry Patterson, 48, one of the leaders of the gill-netting, commercial-fishing contingent, which calls itself the Klamath River Wildlife Conservation Association. Patterson is blond, blue-eyed and one-eighth Hoopa on his mother's side.

"Look at all this country around here,"

he said, gesturing across the rolling river. "My great-grandmother had lots of land, but she gave it all away—lots of land over in Redwood Valley. She kept only this little bit of the river for her descendants to use and to live on, and now they want to take the commercial-fishing rights away from us." He cocked his camouflage hat back on his freckled forehead. "I used to be in the lumber business, but now all the good timber has been turned into houses. All that's left is leaners and widow-makers on the steep slopes. I'm not going back in the woods. I got out with my whole skin, and now I'm going to use the river the way my great-grandmother intended for me to use it. I don't know how anyone can seriously say that we're destroying the resource. Heck, there was a study that showed the trawlers on the deep water—Russians and Japanese as well as Americans—take 53% of the salmon that are headed for this river. The sports fishermen take another 8% and the Indians take only 4%. Whatever they decide, I'm going to keep right on fishing."

What Patterson failed to mention was that the study he referred to was done in 1967. There is no up-to-date study on the salmon's return to the river, and thus no means of determining how many fish—if any—can safely be taken before they spawn. As for Patterson's mention of his dear old great-grandmother, Dale Miller had to laugh. "If you'd called Jerry an Indian five years ago," he said, "he'd have punched you out. Some folks say he took \$200,000 out of the river last year. He's driving a new truck and his house has been all fixed up. I don't know. You figure it out."

Perhaps the Solomonic decision that could save the salmon and steelhead of the Klamath is just as simple as old Bill Van Pelt's advice: stop all fishing on the river right now, use some of that Jessie Short money to pay the fishing families what they would have realized had they kept fishing and send in a team of well-funded, impartial marine biologists to assess the entire situation. Donations from concerned conservation groups might help keep resort owners like the Bostwicks afloat during the study period. Surely even the Jerry Pattersons and Raymond Mattzes couldn't object to that. After all, if it was their great-grandmothers' desire that the young have a renewable resource, they would only be acceding to the ancestral wish. **END**

A lone, or in the company of close friends, Dan Ripley will sit and monotonously rock. Endlessly. Back and forth. Ripley, although extroverted and spontaneous, is self-conscious about this habit. In public he will substitute a less conspicuous foot wiggling. "When I was younger, I had visions of eventually stopping so I wouldn't look retarded," he confesses. "But after I got married and kept rocking, I resigned myself to it."

Perhaps his rocking is just a restlessness to be airborne again. After all, he has spent much of his life yanking himself off the ground at the end of a 16' 5" pole. Ripley, who is 25 and has lived all

his life in the environs of Los Angeles, holds the world indoor pole-vault record of 18' 5½", a mark he set March 3 in Fort Worth during a dual meet between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Earl Bell, a fellow vaulter and former Pacific Coast Club teammate, offers a more esoteric explanation for Ripley's rocking. He ascribes to Ripley a condition common in apes raised in captivity. Presumably, because they had no mothers to rock them, these apes spend their adult lives rocking themselves. Ripley dismisses his rocking as a way to expend excess energy. His parents have told him that as a baby he used to rock his crib all the way across the floor and block the door to his bedroom.

In any event, Ripley's rocking is symbolic of his career, which has kept swinging from one extreme to the other. There has never been an in-between. For example, Ripley won this year's national AAU indoor title with a meet-record vault of 18' 1" and last year's outdoor with a meet record of 18' 3". At last year's indoor championship, on the other hand, he "no-heighted"—vaulting

lingo for failing to clear an opening height in the three prescribed attempts.

Including his high school days, Ripley has now competed in 22 meets that decided league, conference, city, state, regional or national championships. He has won 11 of these and finished second in five others, a total of 16 "golds and silvers," as he calls them. In the other six championships he no-heighted. And in all but one of those he no-heighted in the qualifying round. In the lone exception, there was no qualifying round.

The outdoor and indoor track seasons have produced another contrast in Ripley's career. Indoors he has unquestionably been the best vaulter in the world for the past five years. During that time he has set five world records. Outdoors Ripley has never set a world record. In large measure, injuries account for these erratic results. Before his last two years at San Jose State, Ripley had never pulled a muscle, yet pulled muscles have plagued his career ever since. His left hamstring and groin muscles have been particularly susceptible. He has pulled each seven times in the last five years. *continued*

by JOE MARSHALL

HE GETS UP BY BEING DOWN ON HIMSELF

Believe it or not, Dan Ripley's pole-vaulting records reflect his many injuries, but in reverse—when things look bleakest, that's when he'll be flying high



Asked if he is pointing for the 1980 Olympics, Ripley says, fatalistically, "With my injury situation, I never plan beyond the next meet."

Right now, even that's difficult. On May 1, during a photo session to help promote next week's Brooks Invitational meet at Berkeley, Calif., Ripley missed the landing pit on a vault. He fell on his right wrist and elbow, bruising both and spraining his shoulder. Ripley had to cancel out of the UCLA-Pepsi Invitational on May 6. Now he hopes to be ready for the Brooks meet and is sure—as sure as he ever is—that he will be at Mt. San Antonio College the following week to defend his AAU outdoor title. If the past is indeed prologue, perhaps this injury is a favorable harbinger for the coming outdoor season.

Understandably, Ripley has a some-

what ambivalent relationship with his event. "I love the pole vault," he will say. Then, pointing to the fiber-glass poles stacked by a wall in his Norwalk, Calif. condominium, he says, "Anybody who would carry around these things has to love it."

"Pole vaulting combines a lot of techniques and you use most parts of your body. The pole vault is a sprint, a long jump, a gymnastics event and a circus daredevil act all in one. You're 18 feet in the air upside down. There's a certain amount of risk that adds a dimension other events in track and field don't offer. It's like jumping out of a plane with a parachute, or hang gliding."

But keep Ripley talking long enough and he will work himself around to the point where he will blurt out, "I'll tell you why I hate the pole vault: You can

make a perfect jump and still miss because you chose a pole that was either too stiff or too light. In other events you control your destiny with your effort, but not in the vault. It's the most frustrating event in track."

There are paradoxes in other aspects of Ripley's vaulting. His normal method of getting up for meets is to get down on his chances. During the 1976 indoor season, when he set three world records and should have been ecstatic, he was suffering through what he now calls "the most miserable year of my life."

Undoubtedly the most dramatic example of the fluctuations in Ripley's career is also the most dramatic moment in that career. On the night of Jan. 18, 1975, at the Sunbelt Invitational in the Los Angeles Sports Arena, Ripley vaulted 18' 1" to rocket from the ranks of the unknown to the lofty status of world-record holder. To understand the astonishment that greeted Ripley's leap, you need to know that 18' 1" was five inches higher than he had ever vaulted before, and that in his last previous U.S. appearance, on June 6, at the NCAA championships, he had no-heighted at 15' 6". Moreover, he made his record jump with an injured left shoulder, which then sidelined him for the remainder of the 1975 indoor season. But his record remained unbroken. There it was, a seeming aberration, its accomplishment unable to prove it wasn't a magnificent fluke. No wonder a common refrain in those days was, "Ripley, believe it or not."

Even now track-and-field people stand in bewildered awe of Ripley's improvement between June 1974 and January 1975. Ripley admits he is among the stunned. After all, he wasn't a late starter making rapid strides; he had toiled at his event for years. Ripley started vaulting at age nine when his father, a civil engineer for the California State Department of Transportation, dug a pit in the backyard of the Ripleys' home in Anaheim and set up two standards. Even before that, Ripley had experienced the daredevil phase of the event by practicing hanging by a single heel from the top of a swing set. Once, while showing off in this manner for his two sisters, his ankle slipped and he fell on

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Ripley's 18' 5½" indoor record is his 50th, but he has won only one AAU outdoor title (at 18' 3").

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his head, which "probably explains why I became a pole vaulter," he says.

There's a lot more to it than that. As he grew, Ripley began to view vaulting as a means to an end—that being a free college education. By jumping 16 feet in junior college he did earn an athletic scholarship for his final two years at San Jose State. The summer before entering San Jose, Ripley got married. He planned to get a degree in physical education and spend an extra year earning a teaching credential before settling down as a high school coach and starting a family. Then, after his vaulting had achieved its main purpose, his athletic career appeared to be winding down. Ripley made just three inches improvement, to 16' 3", in his junior year, which he closed out with his no-height performance at the NCAAAs. It hardly seemed likely that when he next appeared on a runway in the U.S. he would set a world record.

What elevated Ripley was a summer of hard workouts and an almost religious devotion to the teachings of a book, *Mechanics of the Pole Vault*, by Dr. R. V. Ganslen, a national and collegiate pole vault champion in the 1930s, which he got through the mail for \$2.50. He worked out four evenings a week. His sessions were devoted solely to vaulting, which is unusual. Normally a pole vaulter's workouts will consist of running, lifting weights and performing stretching exercises and gymnastics. Ripley rarely vaults in workouts now, but in 1974 he made 25 jumps a session.

Except for an occasional jogger, Ripley and his wife were usually alone on the infield at the San Jose State track. Each night he would follow Ganslen's instructions on one phase of the vault—either the approach, the plant or the positioning of the body in the air. To make sure he concentrated on technique rather than height, Ripley used a lighter-than-usual pole, which he gripped well down on the shaft from where he would normally hold it. He also shortened his approach to 84 feet instead of the 115 feet he employed in meets. This condensing of the elements of the vault forced Ripley to place the bar well below the heights at which he had customarily practiced.

As a result of this devotion to basics, Ripley now excels at the one phase of the event most vaulters never fully master. When vaulting coaches say, "Attack



Ripley sticks with the vault because it is a combination of sprinting, gymnastics and daredevilry.

the box," they mean keep on accelerating through the plant, that moment when the vaulter rams his pole into the back of the box. "There's a natural fear of running full speed and jamming a pole into a wall," says Earl Bell. "It's like grabbing a low bridge at top speed. It seems like it could yank your arms out."

"What really sets Dan apart from other vaulters is how aggressive he is when he plants," says Bell. "All you have to do is see the expression on his face and you know what it is to attack the box."

As Ripley went about perfecting his technique in the summer of 1974 he was gradually able to move the bar upward even though he never varied from using his light pole, low grip and short approach. In July he cleared 16' 3", matching the best he had ever done in competition, then 16' 6" and 16' 9". A sore

back forced him to rest for several weeks, but on the day he began working out again he jumped 17 feet.

Two weeks later, in early September, he vaulted 17 feet again, and this time his curiosity got the best of him. He grabbed a stiffer pole, repositioned his grip and backed up to 98 feet. Even though he mistimed his takeoff, Ripley sailed easily over the bar. He raised it to 17' 3" and made that on his first attempt. Up went the bar once more, to 17' 6". Another clean jump on the first try.

"When I landed in the pit, I went crazy," Ripley says. "Just my wife and I were there, but I started jumping around like I had won the Olympics. I had been hoping to turn myself into a consistent 16' 6" jumper and had dreamed of clearing 17 feet. The year before, the best amateur indoor vault in the world had been 17' 8".

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My jump that night had put me right up there with the world-class vaulters." Ripley pauses, savoring the revelations of that September evening. Then quietly, as if it had just happened, he says, "Wow!"

From then on it was just a matter of Ripley's biding his time. Late in December, Ernie Bullard, his coach at San Jose, wangled him an invitation to an indoor meet in Saskatoon. Ripley had never attempted to jump higher than his 17' 6" practice vault, but in Saskatoon he won with a Canadian record of 17' 8". That height also topped the San Jose State record of 17' 7". Ripley had primed himself for that mark by choosing locker No. 177 at school.

When Ripley arrived at the Sunkist meet three weeks later, only a few other athletes—and even fewer spectators—had heard of his performance in Canada. Those who had were skeptical. But Ripley easily won the Sunkist at 17' 6" and Bullard encouraged him to keep going and try to break Steve Smith's world amateur record of 18' 1/4" (Smith, after turning pro, had vaulted 18' 2 1/2"). "The bar was at 18' 1", which was five inches higher than I'd ever attempted," Ripley says. "I didn't think I had a chance, so I was relaxed. On my first try I barely tucked the bar off. I couldn't believe it. I said to myself, 'Hey, I think I can make that.'" On the third attempt he did. Dan Ripley, believe it or not, had become the indoor world-record holder.

The only other time Ripley cleared 18 feet in 1975 was at the NCAA championships, the meet at which he had no-heighted at 15' 6" a year earlier. This time he set a meet record of 18' 1", but finished second to Bell because he had had more misses. But Ripley didn't even bother to compete in the AAU championships a week later. "Mentally, I was still not a track person," he says. "I thought of myself as a 16' 3" vaulter."

He became a track person soon after, but only as a sort of defense mechanism against loneliness. In the fall of 1975 Ripley's marriage broke up. He stopped work on his teaching credential and moved back in with his parents in Anaheim. "I didn't have a job, I didn't have any plans. I didn't even know what to do with myself," he says. Eventually Ripley called Tom Jennings, the coach of the Pacific

Coast Club Jennings invited Ripley to his home in Cerritos, Calif. that same night, and Ripley became a member of the PCC. "Dan was really a basket case," says Jennings. "He thought his life was a failure. I remember he sat in a rocking chair ... he should always sit in a rocking chair."

Ripley opened the 1976 indoor season back at Saskatoon and would have set a world record of 18' 1 1/4" there, but he started celebrating too soon and knocked the bar off with his trailing arm on the way down. He did set a new mark the following week at College Park, Md., with a jump of 18' 1 1/4" and then appeared to break that seven days later in Albuquerque. However, after taking a victory lap to a standing ovation, he was told that the bar had been remeasured and it had been set at only 18' 1". No matter. The next week he vaulted 18' 2 1/2" in Los Angeles. Two Polish vaulters, Tadeusz Slusarski and Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz, temporarily seized the world record with jumps of 18' 3" and 18' 3 1/2" respectively, but Ripley got it back in the final week of the '76 season. With his right arm, the one he pushes off with, beet-red and swollen from a smallpox vaccination, Ripley jumped 18' 3 1/4" at the U.S. Olympic Invitational in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 20.

It had been the kind of indoor season track and field athletes dream of—but for Ripley it had been a nightmare. "On trips with the team, one part of me said, 'I want to have fun,' so sometimes I'd be very outgoing. But I was so upset about my marriage that more often I'd withdraw and be a loner. I was one extreme or the other, back and forth, either totally frenetic or totally withdrawn. My teammates probably thought I was weird. I probably was."

Another Ripley trait surfaced that year. "I would go to meets," he says, "and feel so bad I wasn't sure I could jump." Yet he kept setting world records. These days when Ripley is listing the various reasons why he'll probably no-height in a meet, Jennings is quick to assure the meet promoter, "It's just that Dan's way to be positive is to be negative."

Ripley's depression deepened when the 1976 outdoor season got under way and he no-heighted in the qualifying round of the Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore. The day had been one of those typ-

ically frustrating occasions that often make Ripley wish he had picked an event that doesn't depend so much on equipment. Ripley had been unsure what pole to use, because he had just returned from a four-week layoff caused by a pulled left hamstring. Compounding his uncertainty was the fact that he had been dieting to reach his vaulting weight of 180. He has jumped with as much as 198 pounds on his 6-foot frame, which is why his PCC teammates still occasionally call him "the fat squirrel."

The first pole Ripley chose for the opening height of 17 feet in Eugene proved to be too light. It flexed too much and carried him into the bar on the way up. He changed to a stiffer pole for his next attempt. This time he got more than enough height, but the pole was so stiff he didn't penetrate far enough toward the pit and came down on top of the bar. That left Ripley in a desperate quandary. He had no in-between pole for his final attempt. He chose the stiffer pole. It was the wrong choice. "As soon as I left the ground, I knew I wasn't going to the Olympics," he says. "I wanted to quit vaulting right there. I was totally disillusioned with myself. There had been a time when the two biggest things in my life were my marriage and the Olympics. Now I had failed at both."

Given the seasaw nature of Ripley's career, it should come as no surprise that as he gradually put his personal life back in order, his pole vaulting came apart even more. While he was sidelined by another hamstring pull in the winter of 1977, Ripley had met Jennings' secretary, Denise Dawson. On their first date they went to the Los Angeles Times indoor meet, both as spectators. They were married this past St. Patrick's Day. "I wanted to have our wedding on a holiday," says Denise. "That way when everyone gets the green out and McDonald's starts serving Shamrock Shakes he'll know there's something he's supposed to remember." She is only half kidding. Ripley once gave Denise a birthday gift on his ex-wife's birthday.

Injury may have played the role of matchmaker in Ripley's personal life but it also came close to putting an end to his vaulting career. After the Trials, Ripley was sidelined more and more frequently and he didn't clear 18 feet again in 1976. The next year he was able to sur-

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Dennis Ripley looks worried, but Dan's recently sprained shoulder bodes well for the outdoor season.

pass that height only once. At the start of the 1978 indoor season, Ripley decided to treat his chronic injury problems by easing into the competition instead of going all-out from the start. He no-heightened in his opening meet, the Muhammad Ali Invitational, then watched as Mike Tully broke his world record with a vault of 18' 4".

A few weeks later he returned to the Sunbelt Invitational, where he had set his first world record, and cleared only 16' 6". Ripley's career had hit rock bottom. The night of the Sunbelt meet he flew with PCC teammate Francie Larrieu to the Bahamas where she was going to compete in a Superstars competition. "It was the lowest I've ever seen Dan," she says. "He didn't speak the whole trip. He just rocked back and forth and shook his head from side to side the entire way. Hey, that's not easy. It takes a lot of coordination."

In the Bahamas, Ripley resolved that injuries or no he had to push himself to the limit. Just as his career had abruptly declined, so it now suddenly reversed itself. Two weeks later he vaulted 18 feet in Toronto and almost regained his indoor record on a subsequent jump. Outdoors last year he won his first AAU title and cleared 18 feet for the first time in Europe at a meet in Athens. Even after a groin pull cut short his outdoor cam-

paign, Ripley was full of confidence. He couldn't wait for this year's indoor season to regain his world record.

Ripley was soaring again. In his case, of course, that is a harbinger of a nose dive. At his first indoor meet he pulled his left hamstring. Again he gave serious consideration to retirement. "I couldn't be healthy enough to compete in any meets," he says. "Counting my last performance in Europe the previous summer, I had suffered injuries to two different muscles in back-to-back meets."

Ripley returned to the indoor circuit four weeks later, confident he was on the verge of a world record but also determined to call it quits if he suffered another injury. He didn't. In an amazing display of consistency he cleared 18 feet on each of the five remaining weekends of the indoor season. Yet the world record, which Tully had upped to 18' 5½" at the 1978 NCAA indoor championships, eluded him. And it did so cruelly. On Feb. 3 in Edmonton, Ripley had cleared 18' 5½", but the vault was disallowed because the standards holding the bar were not regulation. All told, by the time Ripley arrived in Fort Worth for the indoor season's final meet, he had made 15 attempts at a new world mark.

Before the meet he ate dinner with Larrieu. Throughout the meal he groaned about how horrible he felt and vainly

tried to convince her that he was likely to no-height. She told him he sounded like he was about to make his best jump ever. Then on the way to the meet he was stopped and wished good luck by a distinguished-looking gentleman who introduced himself as Dr. R. V. Ganslen. That night Ripley cleared 18' 5½" to regain the world record.

In the wee hours of the following morning, Ripley knocked on the hotel door of a writer who was covering the meet. With Ripley was Vladimir Trofimiyenko, the Soviet vaulter who was ranked No. 1 in the world last year but who this night had performed in a manner that Ripley could easily relate to. Trofimiyenko had no-heighted. The Soviet vaulter was carrying the dregs of a bottle of Russian vodka, most of which he had obviously emptied into himself. Trofimiyenko quickly poured a hotel bathroom glass full for the writer, who just as quickly refused it. Trofimiyenko looked offended. Ripley tried to intercede. "He works," said Ripley slowly to his fellow vaulter. "See typewriter. He must write story. Work."

Trofimiyenko surveyed the typewriter and its owner, pondered the situation, then muttered, "Capitalist."

Eventually, the Russian wandered off in search of livelier company. Ripley remained in the hotel room, seated on the edge of the bed, chattering nonstop. He talked about how he was looking toward the upcoming outdoor season and about the outdoor record of 18' 8¼" that Dave Roberts set at the Olympic Trials almost three years before. Ripley would like to erase that mark as surely as he would like to erase the memory of his failure that day.

"Despite all the attention I've received for my indoor vaulting, the fact is that in every year of my career I've jumped as high or higher outdoors than indoors," he said. "I've got a good shot at Roberts' record now, barring injury. Of course, with me that's a big bar." A quick smile flashed. Then slowly Ripley's expression went blank and his eyes focused somewhere outside of the hotel room. Perhaps he was envisioning himself under an open sky arcing gracefully across the bar at world-record height. Or perhaps he was stilled by the realization that for right now every aspect of his life seemed in harmony. In the early morning quiet, Dan Ripley sat intently motionless. **END**

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The over-the-hill league

The new Inter-American circuit, which has franchises from Miami to Maracaibo, is giving veterans a chance to play—except when immigration officials bench them

With their tongues planted firmly in their cheeks, the players were touting the game as the Cuban Death Match. Facing each other were 42-year-old Mike Cuellar and 34-year-old Oscar Zamora. Cuellar, the masterful screwballer, was a three-time 20-game winner for the Orioles a while back and in 1969 shared the American League Cy Young Award. The less-renowned Zamora played for the Astros as recently as last season. He now has a thriving shoe business in Miami and finds time to pitch only every eighth day or so.

This Latin showdown didn't occur in an oldtimers' game in Baltimore or on a dusty diamond in San Juan, but in Miami, where the Amigos were opening their second home stand of the year against the San Juan Boricuas. And who in the world are the Amigos and the Boricuas? Well, they are none other than the first- and fourth-place teams, respectively, in the fledgling Inter-American League. The Inter-American is different from other minor leagues, not only because it is peopled largely by players with familiar and semifamiliar names, but also because it has clubs in Panama City, Panama; Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic; and Caracas and Maracaibo, Venezuela, as well as in Miami and San Juan.

On this night a predominantly Latin crowd of 3,152—the Amigos' largest turnout of the season—came to see the new show in town, and they weren't disappointed. After giving up two runs in the first inning, Zamora settled down and beat San Juan on six hits, two of them by Bobby Tolán, late of the Cards, Reds, Padres, Phils, Pirates and Nankai Hawks. Inspired by their cheerleaders, the Hot and Juicy Wendy's Girls, the Amigos shelled Cuellar in the fifth when First

Baseman Brock Pemberion, who played for the Mets in '75, hit a grand-slam home run. The loss was the first in five decisions for Cuellar, who has been pitching with a pulled hamstring since his third start.

Many of the Cuban expatriates in the crowd had seen Cuellar pitch for the Havana Sugar Kings in 1957 and '58, and the game had the same festive atmosphere that characterizes games in Cuba. The spectators beat out Latin rhythms on conga drums and cowbells and reacted vociferously to events both on and off the field. When a shapely young woman in hot pants and halter top left her seat, she got a rousing round of applause. Her return was greeted by a standing ovation that stopped the game.

Unfortunately, customs and immigration officials aren't as thrilled by the goings-on in the Inter-American League. When the Boricuas left Caracas for Miami, the authorities kept Cuellar from boarding the team's flight, and he barely made it to the game on time. Nobody knows exactly what the holdup was, except that it concerned visas, which are a persistent problem for the Cuban-born players in the league. Miami backup Catcher Jorge Curbelo hasn't made it into Venezuela in two tries. In addition, a few members of the Santo Domingo Azucareros failed to show for a game in Puerto Rico, reportedly because of visa difficulties. Visas aren't the Azucareros' only problems; the club's discombobulated management didn't send box scores to the league until the season was six weeks old.

Immigration and front-office foul-ups are just a few of the IAL's many growing pains. After only six weeks of the season, two owners, two general managers and one manager have been replaced,



Manager Johnson no longer bats often, but his Amigos have been a big hit with a 20-8 record

and the Boricuas have moved some of their games from San Juan to various sites in the interior of the Commonwealth because they were drawing only about 200 fans a game. In fact, attendance has been poor everywhere except Caracas, where the Metropolitanos are attracting nearly 7,400 a game, 2,400 more than any other Triple A team and 3,500 more than the Oakland A's.

Traveling has also been rough, even by minor league standards. In most places, the hotels and clubhouses have been decidedly second-rate, and the Amigos have yet to take a flight that wasn't at least an hour late. Because of the vagaries of Caribbean air travel, they have started one game at 10 p.m., had another suspended in the eighth inning and

continued

had to fly to a third in two shifts, with the second group not arriving until minutes before game time.

Such troubles are not wholly unexpected considering that the infant IAL was hastily put together over the winter. It is the brainchild of Bobby Maduro, who owned the Sugar Kings in pre-Castro Cuba and from 1967 to '78 was Bowie Kuhn's assistant for Inter-American baseball. To get the new league under way, Maduro had to overcome strong opposition from the Caribbean winter leagues, which view the Inter-American as a competitor for Latin players' services and Latin fans' affections, and from several major league owners, who felt they had a corner on baseball talent in the Caribbean.

Unlike teams in Triple A leagues based solely in the U.S. and Canada, those in the IAL are not affiliated with big league organizations. As a result, Inter-American rosters are composed almost entirely of players who have been released or overlooked by major league teams. And that's precisely what Maduro wanted.

"This league was desperately needed," he says, "and I wrote a letter to the commissioner 10 years ago telling him so. When I started in baseball, there were 56 minor leagues. Now there are only 18. Today, if you're not good enough to make it to the majors in three years, you're eliminated from consideration."

Miami Manager—and sometime player—Dave Johnson, a three-time Gold Glove winner with Baltimore and a .262 lifetime hitter, sees a need for a league that welcomes older players.

"The system isn't conducive to breeding talent anymore," he says. "The real problem is that, as a rule, scouts and minor league managers are incompetent judges of ability. Usually they were .220 hitters who couldn't get jobs outside of baseball."

"You can't imagine the number of talented players these guys have hurt or overlooked. The Yankees were using the best pitcher in baseball, Ron Guidry, as a reliever in the minors. Also, with expansion and the rush to get kids into the majors came the elimination from Triple A half of the veteran player. Instead of being a tough educational step to the big leagues, Triple A has become nothing more than glorified Double A. Owners didn't really appreciate the value of having young prospects playing against veterans."

Veterans are one thing the IAL has plenty of. The league boasts such golden oldies as 38-year-old Cesar Tovar, 35-year-old Dave May, 35-year-old Clarence (Cito) Gaston and 36-year-old Adolfo Phillips. And most of them can still play. According to Santo Domingo Manager Mike Kekich, who is best remembered for his spouse-swap with Fritz Peterson when both pitched for the Yankees, "They're now reaching their outer limits"—that is, they are still good enough to be major-leaguers but in another year or two will be over the hill.

The Amigos, whose average age is 27.5, have 13 players with big league experience, twice as many as any other club except Santo Domingo, which has eight. Among the better known are pitchers Bob Reynolds (Montreal, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Baltimore, Detroit, Cleveland), Mike Wallace (Phillies, Yankees, Cardinals, Rangers) and Hank Webb (Mets); Designated Hitter Hal Breeden (Cubs, Expos), who is in a slump—"I just went 0 for Puerto Rico"; and Outfielder Denny (The Sundown Kid) Thomas, who won the Triple Crown in the Eastern League in 1976. He also hit .276 in 32 games that season for the Brewers but was released because, as a member of the World Wide Church of God, he was forbidden to play from sundown Friday until sundown Saturday.

Whether they have been up to the big leagues or only as far as Double A, all of these players know this is probably their final shot at getting another serious look by the majors.

"Baseball has said we're dead," says Wallace, who was 6-0 pitching out of the Yankee bullpen in 1974 and never had a losing record in four seasons in the majors. "We're all trying to prove them wrong. Ninety-five percent of us have eaten the pink slip. It's almost like a bond among us. Even the trainer has been released. My only hope was to come down here and win 20, and even that may not be sufficient."

Wallace, now 6-1, may well get 20 wins the way the Amigos are playing. Because their front office got organized earlier than the other teams' and because Miami is the only IAL club based in the U.S., the Amigos had an advantage when it came to signing players. Consequently, they have a 28-8 record and a 7½-game lead. When the players and managers are asked to assess the IAL, they invariably tell you that, on balance, the quality of

the league's play is somewhere between Triple A and Double A, but that the Amigos are in a class by themselves. "We are probably the best Triple A club in existence," says Johnson.

Miami has a team batting average of .296 and a team ERA of 2.45. The Amigos' best batters are outfielders Jim Tyrone (1.357), who was hitting over .300 for Oakland in 1977 when Charlie Finley benched him, and Leon Brown (.346), who hit over .300 in three of his four years in Triple A and was with the Mets for most of the 1976 season. Miami also has a 26-year-old reliever from Nicaragua named Porfirio Altamirano, who may throw as hard as anyone in the majors. This is his first year of pro ball, and he has a 0.91 ERA. Each of these players, says Johnson, could help a major league club right now.

For the time being, they must be content with playing in what they have nicknamed the *Mañana* League. "Every time you need something in one of those countries, you always hear *mañana, mañana*," says Wallace, reviving a showman stereotype. Although the players don't like to admit it, it is they who make this the *Mañana* League, because without it, there would be no *mañana* for most of them.

THE WEEK

(May 25-26)
by JIM KAPLAN

NL WEST The time was ripe for a good old-fashioned bench-clearing brawl. Neither the Dodgers (3-3) nor the Reds (2-4) had been firing well. "We're not getting the big hit or the big out when we need it," said Los Angeles Manager Tom Lasorda. The Dodgers proved him right, dropping two winnable games, 3-2 and 7-6, to San Diego.

While committing three errors in a 12-2 loss to San Francisco, the Reds looked worse. In that forgettable game, two Red runners ended a threat by winding up together at third, and a third runner was thrown out at home by 20 feet.

Then came fight time. With the Dodgers ahead 14-2, the Reds were already on edge as Los Angeles' Davey Lopes took an unexpected swing at a 3-0 pitch—and homered. Now the Reds were seething. Trouble came, as it usually does, with an act of retribution. The next time Lopes came to bat, Cincy's Dave Tomlin threw four straight breakbacks.

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one of which sailed behind Lopes' neck. The Dodgers charged Tomlin en masse, the Reds charged the Dodgers en masse. After matters seemed to have cooled, the Dodgers' Derrel Thomas and the Reds' Rick Aerbach staged a fracas of their own, prompting another general brawl.

The Dodgers got the best of the evening. They not only won 17-6 on a club-record-tying seven homers, but also got an inning's work from the reactivated Reliever Terry Forster, who retired the side in his first outing of the season. Earlier, Don Sutton set a club record by getting his 10th victory, one more than Don Drysdale.

Three San Diego (3-4) irregulars—Kurt Bevacqua, Broderick Perkins and Don Briggs—had game-winning, ninth-inning RBIs. Padre regulars didn't fare as well, as the team scored just 17 runs in seven games. Not even the signing of Pitcher Gaylord Perry through 1980 was particularly cheering. Embarrassed that Perry had gotten a loss and a no-decision despite giving up only one earned run in two starts, owner Ray Kroc wrote him, "Not a run for you and that's sad."

The news was sadder still in Atlanta (3-3), where slugger Dale Murphy (13 homers, 36 RBIs) will be out six to eight weeks recuperating from a knee operation. However, the Braves did brighten the spirits of Houston's Joe Nickson, who received a bottle of fine wine from brother Phil after beating Atlanta 4-1 for his 100th victory. At week's end he defeated the Padres 9-0 for his fifth straight victory. In that win the Astros (4-3) got a first-inning run for the 21st time this year. They have scored 23% of their runs in their first at bat. Also, Pitcher Ken Forsch was placed on the 21-day disabled list with tendinitis.

Bob Kaeper helped give the Giants a 4-2 week by beating Atlanta 6-4 on his 25th birthday. Nevertheless, there was an ill wind blowing across the Bay. The Giants have informed their Candlestick Park landlord—the city of San Francisco—that the newly installed grass surface is uneven and soft.

CIN 26-18 SF 25-21 HOUS 25-22
LA 22-25 SD 19-28 ATL 16-27

NL EAST

Montreal (3-1) moved into first, 9½ ahead of Philadelphia (2-4). The Expos had all Pitcher Ross Grimsley won for the first time in 18 days, and Steve Rogers for the first time in 13; slugger Tony Perez batted .417; on defense, Second Baseman Rodney Scott saved Rogers' win with a diving stop, and coming off the bench, the seven-man BUS—Broke Underrated Superstars—squad had a .455 week.

Despite four errorless games, the Phillies had virtually nothing. The pitching was embarrassing. Nino Espinosa lost twice, allowing 10 runs in 1½ innings, and Dick Ruthven's slow pitching motion allowed the Cardinals to steal four bases and use them to

beat him 3-1. The hitting—16 runs in six games—was almost nonexistent. And the depth, evidently, was shallow. When Shortstop Larry Bowa suffered a broken thumb and was lost for at least 15 days, the club brought Bud Harrelson out of retirement. Harrelson had previously been working in sales for a Wall Street commercial collection agency and playing softball on weekends.

St. Louis (1-3) was equally horrible, but infinitely more entertaining. The Cards surrendered a three-run lead in the 10th when the Mets' Richie Hebner hit a three-run homer, and then lost that game 8-7 in the 11th on weak-swinging Frank Taverna's run-scoring single. "Mark Linett pitched to a bleep hater like he was Babe Ruth," said Card Manager Ken Boyer, his 48th birthday spoiled.

Boyer's players then began committing Cardinal sins. Lou Brock had both a hot bat (.438) and a hot temper. He threw a bat toward Third Base Umpire Andy Olsen, who had ruled that Brock failed to check his swing on strike three. Pitcher John Denny, a 5-3 loser to the Phillies, advanced threateningly on a Mike Tolan reporter and also alleged that veteran Umpire Frank Pulli, who had worked the plate during Denny's defeat, was worse than the substitute ump had been. Responded Catcher Ted Simmons, "The pitchers who win 15 to 25 games are usually not affected by those things." Defending Pulli, Simmons added, "I've known him a long time, and I've always known him to be a good umpire."

Nothing could ruin New York's week, not even a game called by fog with the score tied 3-3 in the 11th, no outs and Met Joel Youngblood on third. That game now must be entirely replayed. The Mets took four of five as Richie Hebner drove in 13 runs, Lee Mazzilli won on one of his .500 tears, Youngblood batted .407, and reactivated Pat Zachry beat the Cubs 4-2 for his first victory in 42 days.

Chicago (3-3) traded one troubled pitcher, Ray Burris (6.14 ERA), to the Yankees for another, Dick Tidrow (7.83). Encouraged by the change of scenery, Tidrow threw three innings of hatless relief and saved Dennis Lamp's 4-1 win over the Phils. When the Cubs beat the Mets 9-7 in the first game of a doubleheader, Manager Herman Franks compared the experience to making love. Alas, the 4-2 defeat in the nightcap was anything but romantic.

Pittsburgh (2-3) had to love a 4-2 win over Montreal. It was the Pirates' sixth straight victory, and Bert Blyleven's first of the year. Blyleven took his moment of triumph to get in the last word in his spot with the departing substitute umpires. "I can't blame my record on them," said Blyleven, who entered the week with a 5.14 ERA, "but I could've won three or four games. I threw a lot of 3-2 pitches that completely confused them."

MONT 24-14 PHIL 26-18 ST. L 21-17
CHN 18-21 PITT 18-21 NY 15-24

AL WEST

The race tightened when Minnesota dropped five of six to Kansas City (4-2) and Texas (4-2). When Jerry Koonman suffered his first loss—4-3 to Texas—the Twins' record against the Royals, Rangers and Angels declined to an embarrassing 4-13.

Kansas City overcame a tendency to self-destruct. After losing 12-7 to Seattle, Pitcher Rich Gale commented, "I was super in the first inning. In the second I eroded in parts, and in the third I completely disappeared." Later in the week Gale again "eroded in parts" but beat Minnesota 7-4. Other K.C. pitchers were abounding. Paul Spletteroff, who has won six of his last seven, defeated the Twins 5-1 and 7-4, Dennis Leonard edged Seattle 5-4 for his first win since April 28, and Al Hrabosky got his first save since May 5.

Coming out of a slump, the Rangers' Al Oliver blasted three homers in a 7-2 win over the Twins. "I went three games without a hit," Oliver said, "and my wife refused to cook dinner. When I didn't get a hit the fourth day, she gave her tickets away. She said she wasn't coming out to the park to see me do that stuff. I guess if I ever go a week without a hit, I'll be sleeping in a tent in the backyard."

California (2-4) was hurting. At least half a dozen players were nursing injuries, most notably catchers Brian Downing and Terry Humphrey. With no healthy receivers, Manager Jim Fregosi was forced to use Jim Anderson, who had caught only once before—in the Babe Ruth League. Anderson was fine for six innings, but in the seventh he deflected Don Aase's bouncing pitch down the third baseline and tripped while chasing it, allowing the Brewers' Paul Molitor to score the game's only run. Undaunted, Anderson said, "I'll play anywhere."

Seattle Shortstop Mario Mendoza seems to play everywhere. Known as El Aspidador—Spanish for the vacuum cleaner—he has committed just two errors in his last 32 games. The Mariners have made only 16 errors in that stretch. Sparked by Mendoza's expected fielding and unexpected hitting—his two singles and a double contributed to a 12-11, 12-inning win over K.C.—Seattle won four of seven from the Royals and Rangers.

Chicago (4-2) pitchers had some interesting comments. Ross Baumgarten, whipping California 6-1, allowing one hit in eight innings, and wasn't pleased. "I was mediocre, and yet I won," said Baumgarten, who gave up eight walks. "I pitched better in California [where Nolan Ryan had earlier beaten him 4-0 on two hits and 11 strikeouts]." After whipping Oakland 6-1, Ken Kravec credited a nutritionist with putting him on a carbohydrate diet that is heavy on spaghetti and cereals. "Being single and eating out a lot, my diet was terrible," Kravec said. "A new diet is better than getting married."

What happened in Oakland (1-5) was an

continued



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BASEBALL continued

laughing matter. Distracted by base runner Junior Moore, Pitcher John Johnson was called for a balk. Johnson, however, continued his motion and lobbed the ball to home plate. What Johnson didn't know is that a thrown ball on a balk call is in play. The White Sox' Chest Lemon knew—and socked a three-run homer, turning a 1-1 game into a rout.

MINN 25-17 CAL 26-19 TEX 25-19 KC 25-20
CH 22-21 SEA 17-30 OAK 15-31

AL EAST Little-known players made big contributions. Second Baseman Danny Ainge, the 20-year-old BYU basketball star, reported to Toronto (2-3) and hit .500 in his first four games. Ainge and 21-year-old Shortstop Alfredo Griffin, who hit .471, are baseball's youngest double-play combination. Boston Catcher Gary Almonson, a 24-year-old rookie, reached base on a 75-foot blooper past the pitcher's mound, to set up a seven-run inning in a 7-5 win over Baltimore. The Orioles (4-1), however, continued to surge—they've won 26 of their

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE BRETT: The Royal third baseman batted .538, with half of his hits—three doubles, two triples, two homers—going for extra bases. He had nine RBIs and set a club record by scoring in his 11th straight game.

last 32 games—because of contributions by unfamiliar players such as Sammy Stewart, who threw 12½ innings of shutout relief, and Kiko Garcia, whose homer beat the Red Sox 5-3. Milwaukee's Jim Gantner, filling in at third because Don Money is injured and Sal Bando was serving as the designated hitter, batted .481 as the Brewers won five of seven.

Some better-known players were less successful. The Tigers (2-3) placed Pitcher Mark Fidrych on the 21-day disabled list when tendonitis flared up in his throwing arm. New York (2-3) used slowbolting Jim Kaat in short relief, a job usually reserved for fastballers. Kaat hit Steve Kemp with a pitch and forced in the Tigers' winning run in a 4-3 victory over the Yankees. "I was trying to play country hardball," Kaat said, "and I didn't make it."

At least the Indians' big names lived up to their reputations. As Cleveland won four of five, Andre Thornton (.389) kept hitting while Wayne Garland pitched his first complete game in two years, beating Toronto 4-3. Then came the disappointment. With a crowd of 40,000 anticipated, the opener of a Yankee series was rained out. The next afternoon the dollar-conscious Indians insisted on playing despite dangerously slippery grounds and handed Tommy John an 8-4 loss, his first.

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Vermonters talk turkey

Southerners do, too—and better. So each turkey season, a group of Dixie hunters are invited up north—drawls and all—for a shoot in the Green Mountain State

To a Vermont, anyone from below the Massachusetts line is a Southerner, and Southerners are suspect. A nasal New Jersey accent draws stares. A Deep South drawl will turn a Holstein's head and set most Vermonters wondering. "What is that he's talking?"

That is, most Vermonters. Turkey hunters are different.

Vermont turkey hunters revere Southerners, notably a select group of turkey-hunting greats whose calling and hunting abilities transcend their origins—men like Ben Rogers Lee of Coffeeville, Ala.; Rob Keck of Edgefield, S.C.; and Leroy Braumgardt of Moscow Mills, Mo. Vermont hunters are so in awe of these virtuosos of yelp, cackle, cluck and gobble that during spring turkey season, which

lasts for 16 days, starting on the first Saturday in May, anyone who knows about kudzu vines, says "y'all" or orders pre-sweetened iced tea ("Fool Yankers think you can make cold tea sweet by pouring sugar in it. Heck, sugar just sinks to the bottom of the glass and sits there") commands respect.

For example: An inveterate local hunter discovered on the night before opening day that he would have to share the private land he planned to hunt. So at 3 a.m. the next day he parked his girl friend's car, which bore Mississippi plates, prominently near his cover.

Then he addressed an envelope to Ben Rogers Lee, the gobbling guru of turkey hunters, crumpled it and tossed it casually on the dashboard with that revered name clearly visible through the windshield—a move akin to leaving seven Wilson T-2000 rackets with "Jimmy Connors" stitched on their covers in a car next to the municipal courts. That hunter may not have mastered the fly-down cackle on his 3-D diaphragm mouth call, but he has acquired a knock for intimidation, which is as much a part of turkey hunting as camouflage clothing and friendly lies.

What draws the Southern apostles of the wild turkey to the land of unsweetened tea and leads Vermonters to sport license plates reading GOAT and TURKEY is a new but astonishingly successful turkey-management program that is producing an abundance of large, sassy birds in the southern half of the state. "There hadn't been a wild turkey seen in Vermont since the 1850s," says Jeff Wallin, the state turkey biologist who spends the three weekends of the season running a checking station in Pawlet from the tailgate of his truck. "The birds weren't hunted out; their habitat was destroyed. Eighty percent of the forests were cleared for farmland, and the turkeys didn't have cover or food. Today, many of the farms have been abandoned and are overgrown with cover.

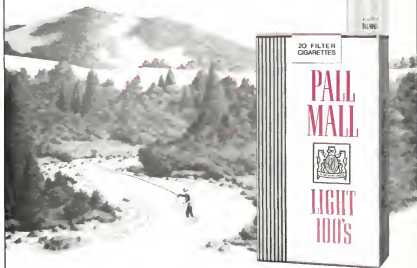
"In 1969 we released 17 New York birds over on that ridge." He points to a beech-covered hill half a mile away. "The next year we trapped another 14 birds in New York and let them go up in Hub-

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bardoon. Then the birds just did their thing."

Their thing was to reproduce so successfully that by 1973 the population was estimated at 600 birds. That spring, 579 hunting permits were issued by lottery for a 12-day season, gobblers, or males, only. Twenty-three turkeys were shot. The average weight of adult birds—turkeys older than a year—was 20.3 pounds, Goliaths by turkey standards.

"Last spring, we conservatively estimated the population to be between 6,000 and 8,000 birds," says Wallin. "And that's about what it is today, close to the carrying capacity of the land down here. Turkeys won't overpopulate like deer, but they're extending their range. They're farther north now than they were historically. They cover a lot of ground, and they eat almost anything, so they're very adaptable.

"They're getting smarter, too. The success rate for the '73 season was 4%. Last year it was 2.3%—we issued 9,219 permits and checked in 210 birds. More birds are taken in the fall season [when either sex may be hunted], but the population is so strong now that we've started live-trapping birds to ship out to other states—New Jersey, Maine and New Hampshire. Last year we even flew 15 birds to West Germany."

Obviously, turkeys come hard in Vermont. As Wallin rattles off more statistics—the biggest bird: a 26 pounder; the high average weight of the birds: 40% of the adult gobblers killed in the spring of 1978 weighed more than 20 pounds—a steady procession of frustrated hunters pulls into the checking station.

"Check in any birds?" they all ask.

"Four so far," comes the answer.

Then come the contradictions.

"Heard five birds gobble," says one hunter.

"Didn't hear a thing," says another.

"Shots on every ridge," adds a third.

"Nobody in the woods," replies a fourth.

Finally, bird No. 5 comes in. It's a 19½-pound gobbler with a six-inch beard, the tassel of hairlike feathers that grows on the breast of male birds. The beard on a turkey is the key to its sex. It also gives the successful hunter a talisman, which is often threaded through an empty shotgun shell and worn around the neck—a symbol of hunting prowess and a basis for boastful comparisons. Unfortunately, as Vermont turkeys forage in

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winter, they drag their beards in the snow, wearing them down so that they are considerably shorter than the 12- and 13-inch beards of their Southern kin.

Wallin weighs the bird and measures beard and spurs. "Use a shotgun?" he asks. Shotguns and bows and arrows may be used to hunt turkey in Vermont.

"Yup," says the hunter, beaming.

"Call him in?" Turkeys breed in spring, and the wise hunter will use a call to lure in a male, imitating the alluring clucks and cackles of a receptive female. A few Vermonters, raised on deer hunting, still think turkeys can be stalked. They don't bring in many birds.

"Call? Heck, I've been calling since five this morning. Called all over the place. Then I flushed this bird out of a pine tree walking home."

The chatter continues. "Ben Rogers Lee says..." "Rob Keck says..." "I heard that down in Alabama..." Advice flies. *Turkey Call*, the magazine of the National Wild Turkey Federation, is often quoted. The hunters demonstrate

their virtuosity—or lack of it—on mouth calls, slate calls and box calls.

"Here's what I call my wounded-dog call," says a windburned farmer. "Only damn sound I can make on this thing."

It sounds just like a wounded dog. Turkey season in Vermont is four hours old. The mania has begun.

Turkey hunting isn't easy. The birds have good ears and exceptional eyesight. As Ben Lee puts it, "There's no way I can say in words how good a turkey's eyes are. A turkey's eyes sit on the side of his head at such an angle that he can walk up behind an oak tree two feet thick and see on both sides of it." A turkey can run 30 mph and fly very fast. There are not many people, at least not in Vermont, who consistently shoot a gobbler each spring.

Which brings us back to those Southern boys. They are the exalted masters of turkey hunting. Most of them either make calls, guide hunts, judge calling contests, win calling contests, record instructional calling tapes or work for the

National Wild Turkey Federation. All of them shoot a lot of turkeys.

So it isn't surprising that several of these hunters have been invited to Vermont in recent years either by the Orvis Company, the venerated hunting and fishing outfitter in Manchester, or by the Bennington Chapter of the National Wild Turkey Federation, which this year won the Outstanding Chapter Award from the national organization.

The Southerners have been invited up to show Yankees how to hunt turkeys, and show them they have. Through 1978, not one Southern turkey hunter failed to get a bird, which stacks up favorably against the overall success rate of 3.46% for spring hunting.

"Hunting up here is a little easier for us," says Keck, the head of Chapter Development for the Wild Turkey Federation and a world-champion caller. He can purportedly call a turkey out of a roosting pan on its way to the oven. "First, these birds haven't been hunted as hard as the turkeys down South, so they're not as

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spooky. Second, Vermont hunters are still learning about turkey hunting. They call too much, or they call too loud, or they don't call at all. Turkeys talk the same up here as they do down home, so if there's not much calling competition, we're bound to do better.

"Third, most of the guys who have come up from the South have been guided to real good turkey areas. They might not have done so well if they had had to find birds on their own.

"There are some other differences, but they balance out. You don't have snakes up here, but you've got snow on the ridges early in the season. Most Southerners would rather see snakes than snow. There's more underbrush in the South, so you have to call the birds in real close before you can see them; up here you can sit on a ridge and look off 100 yards. Course, the turkey can see you, too.

"And then you've got these hills. Southern hunters just aren't accustomed to all this up and down. This morning we were climbing a hill so steep that I

saw a porcupine a good 50 feet up a tree and the porcupine was no more than 30 feet from me, and we were staring at each other eye to eye."

That porcupine was all Keck saw on opening day. When that fact was announced at the dinner and calling contest held in Bennington that night, many of the 265 hunters on hand were visibly relieved and the successful hunters were elated. Even the contestants in the calling contest relaxed a bit when they found out that the preeminent judge had been skunked. When the din of lies and chatter died down and the contests began, the callers clucked and gobbled, yelped and kee-kee'd so well that Keck remarked that the quality of Vermont calling had improved considerably since last year.

Which is to say that it may not be long before Vermont turkey hunters lose their reverence for those gentlemen from the South. Already a few of the more adroit locals, those with faded camouflage clothing, at least a dozen calls, 10-gauge magnums under their arms and

snow-worn turkey beards dangling from their necks, are starting to talk about those boys from the South, starting to tell some tales.

One story has it that Lee, the master of them all, may have bagged his Vermont turkey last year more with guile than with gobble.

"I saw him at 10 o'clock in the morning, and he hadn't gotten a bird," recalls a member of the new Vermont elite. "Hunting hours close at 11 a.m., but he said that was all the time he needed to get himself a turkey up here, and sure enough, about noon I saw him again with a nice gobbler. Close to 20 pounds.

"But then a couple of hours later, I called him at his motel. The owner told me he wasn't in, and then she said, 'You know, when the maid went in to clean that gentleman's room this morning at eight, she found a dead turkey in his bathtub. Now what do you think he was going to do with that turkey?'"

Legends come hard in Vermont. And they die young.

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World Cup: once more, with feeling

By some means or other, maybe 3,000 of them managed to get to Switzerland—fiercely mustachioed men with long dark hair who swayed in rhythm, lofting their sky-blue-and-white banners. “¡Vamos, Argentina!” they chanted, emotionally so high that it made no difference at all that the game in progress before them at the Wankdorf Stadium in Berne was between the Icelandic and Swiss national sides. But soon the curtain-raiser would be over. And then their beloved champions, Argentina’s soccer team, champions of the world, would materialize. They waited in ecstasy.

Last week’s rematch of the 1978 World Cup finalists, Holland and Argentina, a so-called “friendly game,” was in celebration of the 75th anniversary of FIFA, the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, the body that administers soccer in 146 countries from Afghanistan to Zambia and is the ultimate authority for the sport’s 22.5 million players. An exhibition game, you might think, simply to grace the jubilee. It turned out that nothing could have been farther from the truth.

Rudy Krol, the hard man at the center of Holland’s defense a year ago in Buenos Aires, said before last week’s game that his team was “desperate to win.” The sickening disappointment of twice being runner-up in the World Cup is still felt by the Dutch—the nation, as well as the team. Cesar Menotti, the Argentinian coach, was furious that FIFA insisted that his lineup be as close as possible to that which took the field in River Plate Stadium. He had young players, he claimed, who would now do his country more justice than some of the veterans of ’78.

Astonishingly, one of the veterans who seemed to be in that category was Mario Kempes, who had scored what turned out to be the winning goal in the Cup final last June. He didn’t appear in Switzerland, although he had been named as a member of the team. A “leg injury” was cited. His absence, however, made room for 18-year-old Diego Maradona. Diego

Argentina and Holland tangled again in a ‘friendly’ exhibition for FIFA, but the River Plate rerun turned a little rough

who? It proved worthwhile to go to Switzerland and find out.

The strongly felt antagonism between the two teams promised drama aplenty, but in addition there was the case of Johan Neeskens, the Dutch midfielder who is considered the second-best player in the world to his compatriot, Johan Cruyff. Neeskens had gone with Cruyff to Barcelona to play under Coach Rinus Michels. Neeskens’ contract with Barcelona terminates on June 30. Before the Berne game, Neeskens had agonized publicly over the choices that presented themselves to him. In money terms, the advantage undoubtedly lay in accepting a reported \$300,000-a-year offer from the Cosmos. Sentiment, though, attracted him to the English club, Arsenal, which also is seeking his services. This might be hard to understand unless you are aware of the abiding mystique in Europe of the Arsenal name, which has its roots as far back as the 1930s when the London team carried everything before it in world soccer. There was also a chance that Strasbourg of the French League might sign Neeskens, or even that he would go back to Holland.

A man deeply concerned with all this is Ahmet Ertegun, the president of the Cosmos, who is fond of saying, “If I make \$60 million selling records for Warner, why shouldn’t I spend a few million on players?” At Gatwick airport outside London, waiting for his flight to Berne on the morning of the game, Ertegun caught a glimpse of a headline in the sports section of the London Daily Mail

ARSENAL’S BATTLE WITH DOLLAR, it read. “May I borrow your paper?” he inquired urgently of the man reading it. He read carefully through the piece, twice.

Neeskens himself, though, had other preoccupations the evening of the Argentina-Holland match. He had been given the task of marking young Maradona. That didn’t seem to be too demanding a task. Neeskens is 27, a big ball of a man, fast and dominating in the middle of the field, and adept with a single pass, yet he is as redoubtable a defender as anyone in the world. And experienced—46 appearances for Holland.

Maradona, too, proved physically solid when he ran on the field, taller than most of the Argentinians—much bigger, for instance, than Kempes. And as soon as the game started, he proved that despite his size he was faster on the break than the World Cup hero. He left Neeskens behind, cut spectacularly through the defense and chipped a ball to Forward Daniel Berton. The Dutch goalie, Wim Doetsburg, just got down to stop the resulting ground shot. Seemingly within seconds, Ubaldo Fillol, the Argentinian goalkeeper, was beating out a fierce shot from Kees Kist. In the first 10 minutes of the game there could have been five goals.

The Argentinians had fielded nine of their 11 World Cup players, the Dutch only four. However much that might have disappointed the organizers, moments after the start of the game it had ceased to matter. It was the orange shirts against the blue-and-white again, with as much passion as there had been in the cauldron of River Plate Stadium last June. If this was a friendly game, the friendliness died out within minutes.

Early in the first half, Berton was taken out hard by Hub Stevens, a Dutch newcomer, and the violence then escalated through the match. At one point Neeskens was trading punches with Daniel Passarella. Yellow cards, rarely seen in friendly games, were shown to both. Then Dutch Defender Hugo Hovenkamp was wrenching on the ground, and his teammate, Stevens, was angrily demon-

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strating to the referee how Berton had elbowed him in the ribs.

In spite of all this, the game flowed. In many ways it was a better match than the World Cup final, faster moving, more volatile. If no goals came, it was because marvelously creative attacks were blunted by two magnificent defenses. On balance, Argentina was somewhat faster on the breaks, more inventive in attack. And Maradona proved that his reputation was no mere hype. He could well dominate world soccer for the next 10 years.

As champion, Argentina is already assured of a place in the final competition. So is Spain as host nation. What came out of the business side of the FIFA Jubilee in Bernie was that they will be joined in the finals by 22 other nations, not just 14 as before. This doesn't mean that the U.S. will have an easier time of making the finals. Only one extra place has been allocated to the countries in CONCACAF—which takes in the Caribbean, Central and North America. What having a 24-team final could mean, though, is that the chances of the World Cup being held in the U.S. in 1986 have markedly increased. It seems highly unlikely that Colombia, whose turn it is, could satisfactorily accommodate 24 national teams.

Meanwhile, as the celebratory game continued, it became clear that only a defensive lapse by either side could lead to a goal. No lapse came. Final score: a fitting 0-0, an honest tie—except FIFA somewhat unworthily decided to have a penalty-kick shootout. It ended 8-7, in Argentina's favor.

So that settled that. The only mystery left was what Neeskens' decision would be. He would make up his mind, he said, in two weeks. Interestingly, the next day Neeskens' longtime teammate, Cruyff, scored twice in the first seven minutes of his first game for his new club, the Los Angeles Aztecs—which he had joined against all expectation that he would line up with the Cosmos, who received a reported \$600,000 from L.A. for relinquishing their contractual rights to the Dutch superstar. So the titillating prospect emerges that on Aug. 1 the two great Dutch players will be on opposite sides for the first time in their pro careers, when the Aztecs meet the Cosmos. Meanwhile, Neeskens may well reflect that going to the Meadowlands will at least put some extra distance between himself and Diego Maradona.

END

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M A G R I E L

by Roger Dionne

Paul Magriel is a mathematician and backgammon champion of the world. His enemy is the dice, which obscure the intricate and beautiful patterns of his game

A Gamesman's War Against Luck, Disorder and Surface Chaos

A caravan of Lincoln and Cadillac limousines coursed from Prince Nawaf Ibn Abdul Aziz' palace, which is about the size of a New York City block, through the narrow streets of Riyadh and out into the desert. Behind them rumbled supply trucks, an electric-generator truck, a radio-communications truck and conveyances loaded with staff, servants and camp attendants. When Prince Nawaf, the brother of Saudi Arabia's King Khalid, goes falconing, he doesn't do it in a small way.

In one of the prince's limousines was a man who was clearly a foreigner, although instead of his customary jeans and baggy sweat shirt he was wearing the traditional Arab thoub and ghutra. He kept bouncing up to look out of the car windows with almost childlike enthusiasm. Everything interested him, even the nondescript dunes and the occasional aloe and tamarisk shrubs. His light brown hair fell over his forehead, and when he saw something that seemed to him remarkable, he would give his head a shake, so that his hair flopped. The man was Prince Nawaf's backgammon teacher. His name: Paul Magriel. He was—and is—the world backgammon champion. Prince Nawaf does nothing in a small way.

Neither the prince nor the 32-year-old Magriel (pronounced Ma-GREEL)



had known who the other was when they first met, late one evening in the fall of 1977 in a New York backgammon club. But the prince soon learned that the young man with the noisy crowd around him, women mostly, was already a legend in the game. He kept playing and playing and playing, and winning and winning and winning, and joking and laughing and flirting. He was known as X-22 and the Human Computer. He got these names in 1971 when he defeated the father of the modern backgammon renaissance, Prince Alexis Obolensky, on the Caribbean island of St. Maarten, to win the second major backgammon tournament he had ever entered. Since then Magriel has won or finished in the money in more than 50 tournaments, which he claims is a record.

Magriel's most recent exploit was enhancing the good spirits in the club the night he met the prince. Not long before, Magriel and Roger Low, a 21-year-old backgammon whiz from New York City, had represented the U.S. in a three-day match against the best of Europe at the Mount Parnis Casino outside Athens. Their opponents were a pair of tough, experienced gamblers whom most devotees of the game considered the finest players on the Continent, if not the world—Joe Dwek of London and Kumar Motikhasse, a Londoner of Iranian birth. It was the opinion of European

continued

Magriel

continued

experts that Dwek's brilliance with the doubling cube—a crucial factor in modern backgammon—and Motakhasse's mastery of movement of the checkers would lead the young American ex-mathematics professor called the Human Computer, and the unknown kid he had brought along as a consultant. But after falling behind at the end of the second day, the Americans spent the night in Magriel's room at the Grand Britannia Hotel reappraising their strategy. The result was a rally and a 63-61 victory.

"Magriel and Low were fantastic ambassadors for their country in every way," says Lewis Deyong, a backgammon expert and author. "The Greeks were very impressed. They thought Magriel had some sort of incredible system based around mathematics, which he himself is the first to say is not the case. Nevertheless, out there they want to believe it because it makes an entertaining myth."

Magriel is a man of seeming contradictions. He has studied math at NYU and Princeton and taught the subject for seven years at the New Jersey Institute of Technology—yet he insists mathematics is the least important aspect of his game. He is painstakingly methodical and thorough in his approach to backgammon, sometimes spending several days analyzing a single play—yet his life is a jumble of loose ends and unfinished projects. He is diffident and introverted—yet he seems to want to turn his mind inside out, like a rubber glove, if only he can find the right words and the right person to listen to him. He is given to spending days on end by himself in his book-lined, television-less Manhattan apartment, having his meals delivered and reading Karl Popper and Rudolf Carnap, or writing, or simply thinking—yet he will play backgammon for 72 hours straight, or party for days or take a whirlwind trip to Chicago or Vienna or Los Angeles or Milan to participate in a tournament, during which he will talk non-stop and go without sleep.

He has a quick, ready wit—yet he thinks and acts and plays games with deliberateness. He plunges joyfully into the frenetic pace of the backgammon circuit—yet he often longs for the tranquility of academia. When hunched over a backgammon board, he screens everything from his mind except the four quad-

rants of the board and the checkers upon them—yet he is a showman who loves playing to an audience. He is too busy to have a romantic attachment—yet women find him enormously appealing. ("Watching Paul play is a sexual experience," says Fran Goldfarb, a top-ranked woman player from New York.) He is fiercely independent—yet he craves attention and recognition. He has the mind of a Phi Beta Kappa and National Science Foundation Fellow—yet he often behaves like a Katzenjammer Kid.

Paul Magriel established himself as backgammon's foremost theoretician in 1976 when he published a work called, simply, *Backgammon*, which quickly became to the game what Paul Samuelson's *Economics* became to economics in the 1950s—the authoritative text on the subject. In June 1977 Magriel's backgammon columns began appearing every Thursday in *The New York Times*. "That's one of the few structured things in my life," he says. "Every Monday that deadline comes around, and I'm never ahead."

Typically, Magriel deprecates his book. "It's gotten to the point where I can't even look at it because I see all its glaring deficiencies," he says.

To overcome these deficiencies, he is planning a series of nine new books—on the doubling cube, on the attack game, on openings, on prime vs. prime, and so forth—each building on the ground broken in his initial work. He is also writing a book of annotated games, based upon a highly involved match he lost last fall to Bill Robertie of Boston, and he is getting a book of backgammon problems ready for the press.

There are other books Magriel wants to write—on compulsive gambling, on the nature of games, on the foundations of probability. At the same time, he has been commuting to Pittsburgh to work with Dr. Hans Berliner, an artificial-intelligence specialist at Carnegie-Mellon University, on the development of a computer backgammon game, which is more advanced than any now available. He is studying such apparently divergent subjects as the philosophy of science and the Japanese game of Go, which he perceives as related parts of the quest for meaning and order. And he is continuing his studies of chess. When he was 19, he was New York State junior chess



champion but gave up playing seriously when he went to college; mastering the game as thoroughly as he wanted would have taken up all of his time.

"There is all this material," Magriel says, gesturing hopelessly at the stacks of notes and unfinished manuscripts littering his apartment. "I'm getting older and older, and there are a million things I haven't gotten done."

A couple of days after their meeting in New York, Prince Nawaf invited Magriel to his \$2,000-a-day suite at the Waldorf-Astoria.

"I want you to come to Saudi Arabia and teach me backgammon," the prince said.

"When?"

"Right away."

Prince Nawaf was not the first wealthy and famous person to seek instruction from Magriel. He has given backgammon



Magriel's bachelor apartment in Manhattan does not contain a TV set. On the living-room walls are two signed Vassarely prints and one by Anisimovich.

lessons to the likes of Hugh Hefner and Lucille Ball, as well as to many regulars on the tournament circuit.

"There may be some question in some people's minds about who the best backgammon player in the world is," says one of his pupils, a world-class player himself. "But there is no question in anybody's mind about who the best teacher is. He's Paul Magriel." Says another expert, "He's very patient with stupid people. He not only knows what the right move is, he can explain the reason why, which many professionals are unable to do. And being an ex-college professor, he knows how to explain things over and over again."

At the Waldorf-Astoria that day in November 1977, Magriel told Prince Nawaf that other commitments would prevent his coming to Saudi Arabia before February. One of these was the world

backgammon championships on Paradise Island in the Bahamas in January. The world title had always eluded him, and he was determined to win it. Which he did, defeating Kent Goulding of Washington, D.C. in a hard-fought semifinal match and trouncing Kal Robinson of Los Angeles in the finals. Magriel's winnings at Paradise Island totaled \$70,000.

"I feel ambivalent about the title 'world champion,'" Magriel says. "It's only one major tournament among others." He compares the relatively short Paradise Island tournament, which culminated in a 25-point final that took about three hours to play, to the three months it took Anatoly Karpov to defeat Viktor Korchnoi for the world chess championship, and the hundreds of deals teams must play in the world bridge championships. He would prefer the finals of the European Backgammon

Championship, which he will defend in Monte Carlo in July, to be decided by a 100-point match so that the luck factor would be lessened. Nevertheless, Magriel doesn't doubt that he deserves the title. "I'm always top-seeded," he says, "because I have a better track record than anybody else."

So in February of last year, off he went to Saudi Arabia to polish up the prince's game. The nightly lessons began in Nawaf's palace in Jiddah, continued in his palace in Riyadh, and ended a month later in his mansion in London. Even the four-day falconing excursion didn't interrupt the lessons. After the day's hunt and the sumptuous dinners—eschewing the cutlery set out for him, Magriel ate with his fingers in the traditional manner—the prince and the professor took out the backgammon board. In the quiet desert night, the rattle of the dice per-

continued

Magriel

continued

meated the royal encampment like the laughter of a djinn.

A strange place, the Arabian desert, for Magriel to have found himself in his 32nd year. Yet his life is a cumulation of paradoxes—not unlike those presented in the illusionistic Vasarely prints that hang in his apartment.

Paul David Magriel was born in Manhattan on July 1, 1946. His father was a prominent New York art dealer, his mother a graduate of the MIT School of Architecture. Among the guests at parties they gave in their Upper East Side apartment and at their summer home in Wellfleet on Cape Cod were Arthur Schlesinger Sr., James Agee, Walker Evans, Franz Kline, Eero Saarinen. Magriel remembers hearing Edmund Wilson arguing with stentorian gusto at his parents' apartment, and at the Cape, Magriel used to go deep-sea fishing with Norman Mailer. He also often accompanied his parents on their tours of the museums and private art collections of Europe. Last summer he met French backgammon enthusiast Marquis Guy d'Arcangues at the European Championships in Monte Carlo. After they had talked a while, Magriel discovered it was the Marquis' chateau that rose so near the house in the South of France that his parents used to rent when he was a child.

When Magriel reached school age, his parents sent him to the highly regarded Dalton School in Manhattan and later to Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. After Exeter, Magriel entered the Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences at NYU, completing the four-year curriculum in three. From there he went to Princeton to do graduate work under William Feller, whom he considered the country's foremost authority on mathematical probability. Magriel's career seemed clearly mapped out: he would become an academician, a scholar, the author of erudite mathematical papers.

But something happened. Games got in the way.

Back when Magriel was five, his mother taught him chess, and those lessons opened the whole world of games and gaming for him. Whereas the shy boy found life confusing, even frightening—full of weighty and ambiguous matters debated by adults—games were another matter. Games were neatly bound by clearly delineated rules; they had a well-defined right and wrong. What's more, he was good at them.

The secure feeling engendered by games has never left Magriel. Two years ago he told Susan Silver of the *Soho Weekly News*, "I am addicted to games

in general. Games are controlled violence. You take out your frustrations and hostilities over a backgammon set. . . . In games, you know what's right and wrong, legal and illegal; whereas in life, you don't."

While at Dalton, Magriel would gather his second- and third-grade classmates in his apartment to play muckel-and-dime poker after school. They played draw, stud and a complicated high-low split game they called "plodiv," during a hand of which Magriel remembers literally losing the shirt off his back. Then he and his best friend acquired a roulette wheel; they secretly ran it until one of their schoolmates lost the astronomical sum of \$5 and went crying home to mother. The parents busted up the game.

"My friend and I were smart enough to realize that the house had an edge," Magriel says. "None of the other kids believed it because it seemed like the house was a fixed target they could take shots at. So somehow, even at that very tender age, I in some sense understood the concept of *vig*—that all-important concept, which many primitive societies have not understood at all."

Indeed, it was Magriel's youthful interest in gambling concepts like *vig*, odds and parlays that led to his interest in mathematics. "My development is almost an exact parallel of how historically the theory of probability began," he says with a certain perverse pride. "Historically, there were gamblers, and to try to figure out the odds, they went to mathematicians like Pascal and Pierre de Fermat. As a kid I used to play with dice, trying to figure out various permutations, and then when I opened up some math books, I discovered the problems I had worked on so hard could easily be solved mathematically. At Exeter I decided I wanted to find out more about probability, which is what I eventually specialized in at Princeton."

Two important events occurred while Magriel was at Princeton. He married his longtime friend, Renée Cooper, a doctoral candidate in medieval literature at NYU, and he discovered backgammon. After a year of graduate work, he left Princeton in 1968 to take a teaching position in the New Jersey Institute of Technology in Newark, which was across the Hudson River from New York's Mayfair Club, where probably the best back-

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Magriel's only regular chore is to write a Thursday backgammon column for *The New York Times*

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Magriel

continued

gammon in the country was then being played.

"It was a rough-and-tumble club in those days," Magriel says, "but the atmosphere facilitated the exchange of information. I learned a lot from my opponents' insults."

Backgammon cast a spell over Magriel. It was mathematical, yet it incorporated the elegant strategies and tactics of chess. It was a game of skill, yet the skillful player was always gambling with the randomness of the dice. And, for Magriel, it was maddeningly hypnotic. "It got to the point," he says, "where I'd play in games at the Mayfair all night long, then teach my 9 o'clock classes, and then go home and sleep. Then I'd get up and go over there and play all night again."

The Magriels weren't well-off, and it wasn't easy for Paul to come up with enough money to get involved in a paying game. But after several months of scrimping and skipping movies, he got to-

gether a small stake and went off to the Mayfair one night to take on all comers. He returned to their tiny apartment at dawn, richer by \$300.

"After that first night, I begged him not to go back," says Renée, who had little interest in either games or gambling. "Listen," I said. 'You won, but you're never going to win again. Let's just take the money and spend it.' But Paul was sure he could keep on winning. He just kept going back, and pretty soon we kind of lost our perspective as far as money went. It didn't seem to matter anymore. Money was just points in a game."

On weekends, Magriel would sometimes whiz off to tournaments in the Caribbean or Europe and get back in time (usually) for his Monday morning classes. He and his wife got divorced after 2½ years of marriage, and he reduced his teaching load to part time. Backgammon was becoming more exciting, more challenging and more rewarding—intel-

lectually, emotionally and financially—than teaching math. In 1975 he quit teaching altogether, and the world of backgammon made him its star.

"Backgammon is very similar to chess," Magriel is saying. "It is deceptively easy to learn, but in reality it is a profound game of position and strategy. The whole thrust of my game is using all of my pieces effectively and, at the same time, restricting my opponent's mobility."

The master is at the moment barefoot, wearing a baggy sweat shirt and patched jeans. He is lying on a hotel-room bed, his head propped up on an elbow. It is the afternoon of his challenge match in the first Magriel Cup Tournament at Mexico City's Chapultepec Golf Club. Stacks of papers have somehow managed to spread themselves across the room. On top of one of them is an unfinished draft of a backgammon column, due at the *Times* the following day. A half-eaten ap-

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Magriel

continued

ple crowns a bowl of fruit on the dresser, and a backgammon board, the pieces in disarray, is on the table under the lace-curtained window. Open facedown on the bedside table is a thick volume, Lawrence M. Friedman's *A History of American Law*.

"Then there's this personal thing," Magriel says. "I'm always at war with luck and disorder. I'm always trying to impose my will over the randomness of the dice, over what seemingly has no structure. I may be sounding sort of melodramatic, but what I'm trying to do in backgammon is create order out of chaos. I guess in a psychological sense, I'm trying to make sense out of the world. People think there's so much luck in backgammon." Magriel gets up and begins to dress for the match he will play that evening. "But that's very unfair. They think there's not that much to the game. That's totally false. Backgammon is much, much more difficult, much more complex, much deeper than anybody can imagine. The dice create this surface chaos, which is always riling things up, but there are patterns underneath the surface that involve advanced, beautiful, non-obvious, non-trivial ideas. It's my job to uncover these patterns."

Downstairs, heading for a cab outside the hotel, wearing a fur coat that was a present from a female admirer, he says, "I was very, very lucky. I stumbled on backgammon, and it happened to be exactly right for the kind of talents I have."

For three days there had been nearly as many ways of getting some action at the Chapultepec Golf Club as in a Las Vegas casino. The backgammon crowd was in town, and wherever it gathers, there's always action. While first prize in the tournament itself was a modest \$4,350, the winner had a chance for an additional \$10,000. All he had to do was beat Magriel in a 25-point match. If Magriel won, he got the \$10,000.

In the club's spacious, glass-walled lounge overlooking... well, overlooking something—in the backgammon world it always seems to be night, and even if it isn't, who would notice what the lounge overlooks anyway? In the lounge, at any rate, games of all sorts were going on everywhere, constantly. In an alcove, the co-owner of a Los Angeles bridge and backgammon club was improving his gin game at the expense of a backgammon

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Magriel

continued

pro from Las Vegas. A couple of bridge four-somes were playing in a corner, and elsewhere, at one time or another, there were poker, dice, dominoes, pinocchio and every sort of gin game. But mainly there was backgammon, not just the tournament matches in the ballroom, but the money games in the lounge at \$10, \$25, \$50, even \$100 a point.

Former world champion Baron Vernon Ball was there, playing in a \$50 chouette (a popular and expensive form of backgammon play, in which more than two may participate) with a couple of friends from St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Some of the best Mexican players were on hand. And so was a small band of unsavory young Mexican con men, who picked up games from whomever they could at whatever price they could get—without worrying much about paying up if they lost.

One hundred dollars a point may not sound like very heavy gambling, compared, say, to high-stakes poker, until one understands a few things about backgammon. On average, it takes a good player from five to 10 minutes to move all 15 of his men successfully around the board and bear them off for a victory. That's \$100 right there. However, if he develops his game in such a way as to move all his men off while preventing his opponent from bearing off even a single man, he's won a gammon, which gives him a double score. That's \$200. And that's only the beginning. There is also that small, unprepossessing object called the doubling cube.

During the course of a game, either player, when he feels he has a sufficient advantage, may turn the cube to 2, thereby doubling the original stake. The doubler's opponent has the option of passing, in which case he concedes the game at the original stake, or of accepting, in which case the game continues, and, very importantly, the doubling cube comes into his sole possession. Should he later gain the advantage, he may turn the cube to 4, thereby doubling the stake once again. Now it's the original doubler's turn to decide whether to pass and concede two points or accept the cube and continue the game at the 4 level. And so on, though in practice the cube rarely gets up as high as 8. Obviously, at \$100 a point, losing an eight-point game or, worse, getting gammoned in an eight-point game can be

pretty expensive. "Doubling is one of the most important and exciting aspects of backgammon," Magriel has written. "The doubling cube holds the key to being a winner or a loser."

While the tournament proper was going on, Magriel could be seen bounding from one game to another with a glass of soda in his hand (he doesn't drink alcohol, nor does he smoke), kibitzing, talking to old friends, giving advice, joking and not infrequently sitting down for a few games.

Then he had to face the winner, who turned out to be not one of the early favorites, but 13th-seeded Russell Samuels, a U.S. citizen who lives in Cuernavaca. Samuels would now have his shot against Magriel for \$10,000.

"Paul certainly has some slight technical edge on me," Samuels said as he waited for Magriel. "But I'm not particularly nervous. The money doesn't come out of my pocket."

But that was before Magriel made his entrance and sat down at the backgammon table opposite him. The champion's appearance was nothing if not calculated to unnerve Samuels. The boyish person who during the previous three nights had relished playing casual money games had been replaced by a much grimmer individual. Magriel now wore a dark blue pinstriped suit, with a red silk handkerchief carefully squared in the breast pocket. His mouth was set and his face expressionless. The dark glasses he always dons for match play transformed his face into something like a machine. Paul Magriel had become X-22.

Samuels tried conversing with the machine to break the tension. Magriel would have none of it. He thrives on tension. He had been there many times before, while Samuels hadn't. Magriel might sometimes throw away his edge in money games. ("He has no notion of pigeon-handling," says Los Angeles pro Gaby Horowitz. "He'd be rich if he did.") Magriel himself concedes, "My approach has always been motivated intellectually more than financially—to my detriment.") But in a match with a couple of hundred people around the table rooting for the local underdog from Cuernavaca, Magriel's reputation was on the line. He would do everything not only to minimize the element of luck, but also to intimidate his opponent.

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That's a brief look at the Army ROTC Four-Year Program. Year by year. Step by step. From beginning to end.

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Magriel

continued

Though he started the match slowly, losing the first three games, Magriel soon built up an imposing 15-8 lead. He never said a word, never acknowledged the presence of anyone or anything outside of the games developing before him on the board.

Before this monolith, Samuels certainly showed signs of nervousness. He smoked incessantly. Two half-empty packs of Marlboros, a mound of matchbooks, a rapidly filling ashtray, a glass of Coca-Cola, a score sheet and a pen were in front of him. Magriel's side of the table was bare. Occasionally he would nudge the checkers so they formed absolutely straight rows on the board; as he thought about a move, he would square the dice perpendicularly against the bar separating the two sides of the board, as though he wanted the board to reflect the harmony and order he was trying to find in the fall of the dice.

Samuels won a quick game, making the score 15-9. In the next game, after the doubling cube had gone up to 4, Magriel developed a position that made him the heavy favorite. Samuels was blocked behind a five-point prime—that is, five consecutive spaces owned by Magriel, because he had two men on each of them. Only a 6-1 roll, a 17-to-1 shot, could save the game for Samuels and prevent Magriel from gaining an almost insurmountable 19-9 lead. Samuels shook his dice, tipped his cup. The dice spun out onto the board, 6-1!

Samuels was alive. He leaped the prime and hit Magriel's open man behind it, sending the man back to begin the route around the board over again. The game had completely turned around. When it ended, the score of the match was Magriel 15, Samuels 13 instead of 19-9. Magriel seemed undisturbed.

An hour later the score was 22-22. Magriel then engineered a deft trap play that demonstrated why he is the world champion. He was working for a gammon, a double score. But Samuels managed to escape, and Magriel had to be satisfied with one point. Score: Magriel 23, Samuels 22. Magriel was stony-faced. Samuels was rubbing the sweat from his palms on his pants legs.

In the next game Samuels developed a very favorable position and doubled. Magriel deliberated a long time. He could have passed, conceding one point to

Samuels, but to the surprise of everyone around the table, he accepted. Afterward he insisted that it had been a reasonable decision. Samuels rolled a 2 to hit one of Magriel's men (the odds against his doing it had been 2 to 1), and now Magriel needed a 6-3, 6-5 or 6-6 roll to turn matters around. At the very least, he needed a 6 on one of his dice to stay in the game.

As he shook the cup violently, Magriel's tongue protruded from a corner of his mouth. He was biting his tongue. Whatever he might say later, he most definitely cared about this roll. He wanted a 6. He was rooting for a 6. The dice fell on the board. No 6.

Samuels' position kept improving. Now he had all his men in his home board and could start bearing them off. Now he was bearing them off. And now Magriel needed to race his back men around the board to avoid a gammon, a double game which, because the doubling cube was at 2, would give Samuels four points and the match, 26-23.

With one man left to bring into his home board in order to start bearing off, Magriel rolled a horrible 1-1. Samuels bore off two more men. He had only two men left on his No. 1 point and would win the game on his next roll. However, Magriel was still in the match so long as he didn't roll 1-1, 2-1, 3-1 or 3-2. Any other roll—29 of 36 possibilities in all—would allow Magriel to bring his last man into his home board and bear one man off. He was slightly better than a 4-to-1 favorite not to get gammoned.

Magriel shook his cup and let the dice fall. They bounced crazily around the board and came to a stop. Magriel stared. Samuels stared.

Double aces!

A pause. Then a roar from the crowd. Samuels leaped up and shook Magriel's hand. He had beaten the world champion. The crowd swirled around him. They carried him off to the bar to celebrate.

Magriel sat in his chair in the now empty room, staring in dismay at the double aces. He could not believe what had happened. Resting on the felt surface of the backgammon board, the dice seemed to be mocking him. Magriel shook his head. There they still were. Double aces. Snake eyes. On this night, the enemy, the agent of disorder and chaos, had triumphed.

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First Account
New York City, New York



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

CHARLIE'S A's

Sir:

As loyal A's fans who have been through the ups and downs of the Oakland franchise, we found it refreshing to finally read an accurate account of the Oakland tragedy (They're Just Mad About Charlie, May 21). Ron Fimrite hit the nail on the head when he pointed out that Charles O. Finley has no promotion campaign whatsoever for the A's. We A's fans are even subjected to a San Francisco Giants billboard right by the Oakland Coliseum that says CATCH US AT CANDLESTICK. Talk about promotion!

Bay Area fans shouldn't blame the A's players for Finley's apathy. The team, though young and inexperienced, has played some exciting baseball and could blossom with time and fan support. If Finley would only sell the team to local owners who would promote it and be a part of the Oakland community, the A's could outdraw the "other team across the Bay."

DEBBE TAYLOR
TONETTE GIAFAGNONE
San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

How can Charles O. Finley be sued for lack of promotion? In the last 10 years nobody has promoted major league baseball more than Finley. In the early '70s, when pro football was becoming the national pastime, Finley brought baseball back to center stage. He introduced the baseball world to brightly colored uniforms, Mustache Day, ball girls, a male and even Reggie Jackson as a designated hitter. He also was a pioneer advocate of nighttime games on weekdays during the World Series, so the working population could enjoy the whole Series. During its glory days, no team ever received more press coverage than the world champion A's.

For all of this, the people of Oakland have never been baseball fans. They never really supported the A's even when they were champs, so why should they be so concerned now? Why should Finley build a new championship team?

PAUL K. CROSS
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Ron Fimrite sneers at the "anachronistic pearls" of the Oakland A's No. 1 announcer, Red Rush. If Fimrite wants to experience total frustration as a member of the radio audience, he should come to San Diego and listen to Jerry Coleman. Maybe we can trade for Red.

DANIEL S. DAMERON
San Diego

Sir:

Although the city of Oakland may not be able to rid itself of Charlie Finley for vice versa, as far as I'm concerned it can send Red Rush back to Chicago anytime. During this past college basketball season, Red did a fantastic job of handling DePaul basketball games on radio. And judging by your sampling of his colorful baseball commentary, Red would also be a welcome addition to the Chicago baseball scene.

JIM MCKNIGHT
Hinsdale, Ill.

COUSINEAU

Sir:

Tom Cousineau ("You Made a Wise Choice," May 21) won't have any identity problems in the NFL. His first tackle for the Buffalo Bills will send repercussions rocketing throughout the league. Hats off to Douglas S. Looney for providing a bit of insight into football's next Dick Butkus.

STEVE GOODMAN
Encino, Calif.

Sir:

After reading the article on Tom Cousineau, I can understand why Woody Hayes wants to punch football players.

ELIZABETH ANN MURRAY
Valley Cottage, N.Y.

CHINAGLIA

Sir:

Thank you for the beautiful article on one of my favorite people, Giorgio Chinaglia (I Am Giorgio Chinaglia: I Bear You! May 21). However, J. D. Reed made a mistake when he stated that Lazio is "the oldest team in the soccer-mad country [Italy]."

The oldest team in Italy is the Genoa 1893, born that year as Genoa Cricket and Football Club. While their ships were being loaded, English sailors used to kick a ball around on the Genoese waterfront and that is how the game really got started in Italy.

JOHN C. CARLI
Plantation, Fla.

Sir:

There is no doubt in my mind that Giorgio Chinaglia is as fine a gentleman as he is a soccer player. Many times he has stopped and chatted in Italian with my mother and me in the parking lot at Giants Stadium before practice and before games. For someone who usually doesn't talk to anyone on game days, Giorgio displays great wit.

Three cheers to Chinaglia for being the man he is. Thank goodness he thinks not only of himself, but also of others.

NICK BORRELLI
Bloomfield, N.J.

THE '37 BEARS

Sir:

I really enjoyed the article by Stephen Kaufman about the legendary Newark Bears, the second-best baseball club of 1937 (Yesterday, May 21). The Bears really were more than a Double A team. They could have beaten most of the major league clubs of that year.

I could have called Ruppert Stadium my second home back then, and I felt as if I knew every player personally. So, as I read Kaufman's piece I noted one error. In writing about Bob Seeds' "one magical moment" in 1938 when he hit seven home runs in 10 trips to the plate, Kaufman stated that Seeds was playing for Buffalo at the time. No way! I remember that occasion. Seeds was the regular centerfielder for Newark when he accomplished that prodigious feat, but he did do it up in Buffalo's ball park.

HARRY F. BANGERT
Chatham, N.J.

Sir:

The Newark Bears were a fine team, but the Columbus (Ohio) Red Birds, whose lineup that year included Enos Slaughter, Johnny Rizzo, Mort Cooper, Nelson Potter, Max Macon, Dick Siebert and Max Lanier, could easily have won the 1937 Little World Series except for two unfortunate injuries Kaufman failed to mention. Both of our catchers suffered split fingers in the final four games in Columbus. I saw those games, and poor throwing by the catchers, which resulted in extra bases for the Bears, was our downfall.

It was a classic matchup of two superior hitters.

CARROLL L. SOLLARS
Mansfield, Ohio

SHORT-HAIR DOG STORY

Sir:

Ha! If you think 2-year-old Joe Dump might be the finest greyhound in the country (SCORECARD, May 21), you've never heard of Derek's Cadillac. Before he was two, Derek's Cadillac had made a name for himself in New England, and since relocating to Florida, he's won three major stakes: the Biscayne Derby and the Flagler International Classic twice.

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MIKE CHARTER
Ellington, Conn.

IRONMAN

Sir:

Barry McDermott's article *Ironman* (May 14) is one of your best. I am training to run cross-country.

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10TH HOLE continued

in a marathon, and that is hard enough. To swim 2.4 miles and also bicycle 112 miles immediately before running a marathon seems almost impossible. And all this for a nuts-and-bolts trophy and hardly any recognition? These people are true athletes, and I take my rubber-soled running shoes off to every one of them.

DAVE THURMAN
Adrian, Mich.

Sir:

My ego is crushed! Now that I've read Barry McDermott's article, my upcoming 3,000-mile bicycle trip across the country seems almost embarrassingly easy.

MICHAEL PREST
Carlisle, Pa.

Sir:

SI would have done well to feature Lynn Lemaire. The Phi Beta Kappa student (UCLA) is scheduled to enter Harvard Law School in September. Her remarkable achievement of finishing fifth in a field of 11 Ironmen says much for women athletes.

KATHRYN S. MALONEY
Aurora, N.Y.

Sir:

Enough is enough! Your article on the Hawaiian Iron Man Triathlon bails an athletic cartoon. Glorifying these sporting oddities insults real athletes who compete in some well-established Olympic events that SI apparently cannot spare a page to recognize. The article was particularly irritating to some of us who are now training full time at the U.S. Modern Pentathlon training center in preparation for the 1980 Olympics. Ours is just one of many events that have more class, talent, history and human interest than the Hawaiian Triathlon, which attracted a mere 16 competitors.

NEIL GLENEIK
(Third in the world in '78)
San Antonio

VARIETY SINGER

Sir:

Thanks for raising my stock in the eyes of my 15-year-old son. I was a mediocre high school athlete who never starred for my university (Duke) on the basketball court or on the gridiron but who did achieve some recognition as a singer. Now, I get to combine these two passions by often singing the national anthem before Blue Devil basketball and football games. After reading Sean Kellogg's article on opera singers as athletes (As I See It, May 14), maybe the coaches will include me on their rosters!

THE REV. CHARLES M. SMITH
Pastor
Long Memorial
United Methodist Church
Roxboro, N.C.

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